Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 51

‘If Only in My Mind’

Introduction: Burning Books

x

(I am the daughter of Marcella)

Remember- ‘This world wants us all to be gay over the fact of overpopulation, and rights, yet having rights were some taken away- by letting us have our way?’

This is what he meant, for me to do with my life be his… anytime he wants it-girl and nothing more and nothing less, and it makes his rejection easier to accept… almost. Yet, the money is why, like- I am here- and the love too… yah that… I have been working on my studies

more than them being with him or her… I would say it was to clear my head. I was looking over the paper that said I wrote, I pretended to read the article that Katie made for me. Beyond its suddenly, blindingly obvious. He is too gloriously good-looking, not to think about a non-stop. I know he loves me, yet he has a hard way of really showing just that.

I, understand, yet not so- her words make more sense than mine- I questioned this… He is not the man for me. I can live with this.

It is only when I am in bed that I try to sleep that I allow my thoughts to drift off some- yet all the voices run

through me- never hushing up. Never slowing- never stopping, for me to have a moment- in time to think alone.

‘Katie, she is particularly good,’ ‘I’m going to study, is what I said to her… just wanted to get away from her mouth.’ I am not going to think about him again, for now, I vow to myself, and opening my revision notes, I start to read. Thus far, his face keeps looking at mine, and I see him looking back in the glass.

I put my pen down, which makes all the font that I write out and comforts it into text in word. I am finished with my re-write of her draft. My final exam is

over, I said- this will do- simply fine the grin spread across my face can be helped.

It is the first time all week that I have smiled at something other than him. It is Friday, and we shall be celebrating tonight, really celebrating.

Paris- with Katie not him, I need this- the city the lights the sound- of something other than me inquiry all that is me - and him. She slanted her head and smiled at her companion, with grace seated her at the best table in the restaurant; her smile, at least, was honest, though almost nothing else about her was. The pale gray of her eyes was warmed to by sweet colored contact

lenses; her blond hair had been darkened by the low light of the tower in the background, then subtly streaked with lighter shades. in her arms mentally begging her with every fiber of my being to kiss me, is what I needed, just her true love for me - not asking… never demanding.

He did not want me as a girlfriend, this week he was off doing what he does. I turn on to my side, now at the hotel, with her in the single bed, Frivolously, I wonder if he is with a new younger girl?

Think back to: ‘Ah!’ settled in his chair with a contented sigh, returning her

smile. she is so beautiful woman in her teen years; she looks like the US, with glossy dark hair and liquid gray eyes, and a luxurious mouth.

(Bed)

I close my eyes and begin to drift, and she nudges me, groggy as I- she had gambled that he would not have his people dig any deeper than that, that he would run out of the patience required to wait for the answers before, she made a move on me. Her manufactured background was only a few layers deep; I knew she and I wanted to so why not; she had not had time to prepare more. He is saving himself. Well not for you, my

sleepy subconscious has a final swipe at me before unleashing itself on my dreams.

I might even get drunk! I said- we can hear it is not agents the law here, I have never been drunk before, I know that the trill was wearing off, I glance across the sports hall at Katie, and she is still scribbling furiously, five minutes to the end of foolish. This is it, the end of my academic career if he tunes in…

She had done the best she could in the time she had, she knew that she would have to be off doing her studies even on this run over the sea that takes less than a day now.

He made a point of keeping himself in shape and his hair had not yet started to gray-either that or he was as skilled as she at touch-ups. ‘You look especially lovely tonight; have I told you that yet?

‘I shall never have to sit in rows of anxious, isolated students again. Inside I am doing graceful cartwheels around my head, knowing full well that is the only place I can do graceful cartwheels.

…And that night, I dream of her, and I live long ever after, and I am running through dark places with eerie strip lighting doing things we should not, and I do not know if I am running toward

something, that I should want or not- the dream, leads me to choices, it is just not clear.

Katie stops writing and puts her pen down. She glances across at me, and I catch her Cheshire cat smile too. We headed back to our apartment together in her Mercedes, refusing to discuss our final paper. Katie is more concerned about what she is going to wear to the bar this evening. I am busily fishing around in my purse for my keys.

‘Merry, there’s a package for you, their flowers from him…’ she said.

Odd, I have not ordered anything from Amazon recently.

Katie is standing on the steps up to the front door holding them.

‘No.’ Katie’s eyes are wide with disbelief.’ I nod.

‘You have, she said, he loved you more than anything, I starting to believe it.’ But then her gaze was warm, wet whit tears for she was in love with me more than he, at that moment.

I knew… she had trained long and hard to acquire it, I knew she was the one that would always care about me. ‘Thank you again… I said to him in a mind

message.’ I recognize the quote was something slandered, where was the love in it?

I have not let myself dwell on RICHARD C. MAST - for the past week. Okay… so his blue eyes are still haunting my dreams, as she plays with me in them too, and I know it will take an eternity to expunge the feel of his arms around me and his wonderful perfume from my brain. Why has he sent me this?

‘Can’t think of anyone else, that would do this for me, like him though.’ ‘What does this card mean…?’ ‘I have no inkling; I think it’s a warning - scrupulously he keeps threatening me off,

with gifts. I have no idea why- he thinks I will keep coming back- just for the coming.

It’s not like I’m beating his door down- and the wood hard- with only him.’ I frown some… ‘I know you don’t want to talk about him, Merry, but he’s seriously into you. Warnings or no.’ ‘I don’t know, and I don’t care. I cannot accept this from him, yet not feeling as I did in the past some of the caring went away.

I love Katie, she is so loyal and supportive. I repack the books and leave them on the dining table. Katie hands me a glass of champagne.

‘To the end of exams and our new life in NY,’ she grins.

‘To the end of exams, our new life in NY, and excellent results.’ We clink glasses and drink.

The bar is loud and hectic, full of soon to be graduates out to get trashed. Katie joins us. He will not graduate for another- year, but he is in the mood to party and gets us into the spirit of our newfound freedom by buying a pitcher of margaritas for us all. As I down my fifth, I know this is not a clever idea on top of the champagne.

‘So, what now Merry?’ She shouts at me over the noise, Katie has the constitution of a she-ass. ‘That is doubtful,’ she calmly replied. ‘I have never liked any wine.’ She had made that plain from the start, who disliked the taste of wine, I thought sitting over here looking at her thinking that. Her taste buds were deplorably working-class. She enjoyed a glass of wine, (I thought) now she is drinking only coffee or bottled water; order coffee for her, of that… I giggle.

‘I think I’d better have a beer.’

‘I’ll get us a pitcher.’

‘More drink, Merry!’

Katie bellows…

‘Classy- in France?’

Sure!

Her eyes for Katie are glittery and wet for her. I move out of her way to hold and get up from our table. She is taking photos, yes, of her in her tight jeans, her usual stunning self, and high heels, hair piled high with tendrils hanging down softly around her face. I giggled over it like I had no idea what the time was, I would wake with her over to the tower and well go up and kiss at the top. Good thinking, Merry. I stagger off

through the crowd, she yells at me, and I whisper in her mind that I am over here. Of course, there is a line, but at least it is moving fast to the top. I am suppressing a drunken smile, hitting me like an involuntary, looking out over with her in my arms and the kiss.

Back at the hotel my head, ponding so-o… I go for swims uncomfortably, with all the others, a lot of kids but even so it was nice, Well, the object of the exercise was to get drunk, on it’s the other way ‘round. I have succeeded in working it off. I stare blankly over and over in a fast way- at the poster on the back of the toilet door that

extols the virtues of safe sex. Yah- NO! like that is going to happen.

Holy crapping piss bucket, did I just call the RICHARD C. MAST in my mind? Shit. My phone rings for him it is all in my mind though, and it makes me jump when he says, ‘what do you want.’ I squeak in surprise; by how the man he is being to me for what see to be noted on my own doing.

This is what it is like - not an experience to be repeated. The line has moved, and it is now my turn.

‘Howdy,’ I bleat timidly into the handset. I had not calculated this.

‘I’m coming to get you,’ he says and hangs up... before I said I did want him too. The only RICHARD C. MAST - could sound so calm and so threatening at the same time. I pulled my jeans up after the poster said not to do what I just did. My heart is thumping. Coming to get me? Well, I am coming to get her- ha. Hang on, I am fine. Oh no.

I am going to be sick… no… He is just messing with my head.

I said- ‘Holy freaking crap nugget.’

I for one looked flushed and slightly unfocused. He cannot find me

here, I would say so with GPS within my body as we all have now, ‘You’ve been gone so long.’ Katie reprimands me. Besides, it will take him 4 hours to get here from NY, and we will be long gone by then. I wash my hands and check my face in the mirror. ‘Where were you?’ I wait at the bar for what feels like an eternity for the pitcher of beer and eventually return to the table. ‘The girl's room on a call, that I shouldn’t have made.’ Mind dealing- I said… ‘ah-h-ha’ were sitting out said at a bar café. ‘All-out-in the - fresh air- and yes.’ ‘Katie, I think I’d better think that you and I have a thing… ‘Merry, you are such a softie

with him- grow some lady nuts and say- freak you.'

'I'll be five minutes…'

'Going to MASTURBATE-?'

'Yep!'

xx

I made my way through the crowd another time, thinking of how I was going to get off like three more times, in 15. I am beginning to feel nauseous, my head is spinning uncomfortably, see in the little girl in the open stall next to me get there faster than I! and she is like freaking 10! and I am a little unsteady with my frapping 3 figuring's, or have girl gotten even more slutty. More unsteady than usual, she got it down. God, I turn on- you? No- nope …?... did not think so prev.

‘I think I’ve just had a bit too much to drink, I feel like more pee than

that is coming out of me.' I smile weakly at her and say- GOD FOR YOU HUNNY- good for you. 'And you too,' she murmurs, and her dark eyes are watching me intently, saying why you are doing this on your own at your age… is a young girl thing to do. 'Do you need a hand?'

She asks and steps closer undies at her feet, putting her arm around me some. I have this. I try and push her away weakly, of age, yet there is nothing wrong with it.

'Merry, please,' she whispers, it is Kate in my head saying do not do it, yet the young child is holding me in her arms, pulling me close, like a lover.

These days' free love is love! No matter the age…

'You know I like you, Merry, please.' He has one hand at the small of my back holding me against him, the other at my chin tipping back my head. Holy freak… he is going to kiss me.

Her hand has slipped into my hair, and she is holding me.

She whispers against my lips. His breath is soft and smells too sweet - of candy and Kool-Aid. She gently kisses me on my jaw, and lips, and movies up to the side of my mouth and then right on my parted lips. I feel frightened, drunk, and

out of control, yet I love having fee love like this- it like I was her age all over. The feeling is sickly sweet.

You are my friend, no and for life, I said to her, and I think, I am going to throw up, so you should runoff. A voice in the dark says quietly. Holy shit! In my mind- RICHARD C. MAST - he is now, see what I have done.

I glance anxiously up at RICHARD C. MAST. He is glowering at Katie, and he is furious, like me, for doing a young one as he said. Crapping, fly trap- my stomach hauls, and I double over, worse than when blood is shooting out of my hole, I'll hold you.'

She grabs my hair and pulls it out of the firing line- my body no longer able to accept the alcohol, and I vomit outstandingly on to the ground at me and the little French girls' feet her name was- Willow.

She has her arms around my middle body - holding my hair in a makeshift ponytail down my back so it is off my face, her hands the other is I try awkwardly to push her hair out of the way, but I vomit again… and again, even on to her half nude body.

Even when my stomach's empty, and nothing is coming up, oh shit… 'If you are going to throw up again, I note, with

deep thankfulness, that it’s in relative darkness. I vow silently that I will never drink again, yet that like say I cannot have a day without sex. It is going down in me at some point.

My hands are resting on the block wall… How long is this going to last? I questioned… she takes her T stands, and I wipe my mouth, on she said she did not care… love at first sight… I questioned it. This is just too appalling for words, Katie said… I must go out now. So-o horrifying gasping heaves of wackiness-my body feels. Then it concludes… Katie is still hovering by the entrance to the girl's room watching us.

Her (the young girl's) hand is barely holding me up -vomiting profusely is exhausting. takes his hands off I say to him- I am hectic with embarrassment, repulsed with myself. When I come around. My hands in on my head I groan, as I place them there. Like that was the solitary worst moment of my lifespan. Twins taking a crap is what I think of at this moment- why I do not know. Oh-yeah- I do- there they are both doing just that- like- looking in at me over in their apparent 5,00 feet up or so all glass too. What should I say to him, for him to forgive this?

RICHARD C. MAST'S rejection will not be something good. I try to remember a worse one that I have done, and I cannot. I glare at him, in my mind. For he is acting like my dad, not my lover. Oh, the humiliation… my mother was far worse. Marry who are you kidding, he is just seen you hurl all over the ground- nothing more said- Katie, she feels that what I did was nothing. Yet I still look shamefaced to myself, and him- or so I think.

I have a few choice words for my so-called friend, none of which I can repeat in front of RICHARD C. MAST - There is no disguising your lack of

ladylike behavior, and I can only produce- and this is so, so many shades darker in terms of, I risk a glance at him, I see hem looking back at me mirrored back in my stare.

He is staring down at me, his face composed, yet he cannot help but fall for me fast, giving nothing away about how he was feeling about what I did we fall. Turning, I glance at Katie whom and, like me, is scared by the true filling that he heads to me from that day. I mutter, staring at the handkerchief which I am furiously worrying with my fingers.

It is so soft, and worm, as he slid his fingers in her, he would expect her to

share his bed tonight, but he was destined to be disappointed once again, in her saying: I do not feel the need after, soloing- so many times today. Her hatred was so strong she had barely been able to force herself to let him kiss her and accept his touch with some temperateness.

There was no way in hell like she had let him do more than that to her tonight- for the movies running in her had of him acting like an ass and or like her dad. ‘I’m sorry, he said for what I have done to you. Just in my thoughts of…’ Apologize… and say back off. Katie mutters, derogatory but we both ignore

that, and he slinks off back into my mind for rest and sleep. I am on my own with doing me- and just Kate.

‘We’ve all been here, perchance not quite as dramatically as you,’ he says dryly.’ It is about knowing your limits, Merry.

I mean, I am all for pushing limits, but this is beyond the pale. My head rings with excess alcohol and frustration. Do you make a habit of this kind of behavior?’

He was scolding me like an errant child, something you would never do to me I said to Kate that had me held by the

butt, arching my back as she is holding me in her arms, for passion and cute kissing- then 69, her butt in my face, I move her lips around using sucking at mouth and teeth and tongue.

xxx

Katie- Put her legs on your shoulders and grab onto her waist or open her vagina. (The last one feels better) or have her butt hole in your well-nose. Do not fart!!

-And-

At first kiss outside her vagina and then slowly lick her inside and just pretend she is the most beautiful thing you've ever- tasted and if she wants to talk dirty to her but talks to her about that beforehand so she will not be offended. I hope this helps… I love it. It is such a turn on.

 You want to kiss/nibble on her neck first. It is an effective way to start turning her on.

 Suck on her nipples and play with them with your tongue.

This too is another great turn on.

 While you are doing these, massage her PUSS-PUSS over her pants just to get her ready for it. Just the night at the party for girls my age, before I had to write a line of silicone members hard core style- from all 10 small to biggest I have ever seen- in sizes, and saying I love it to get the scholarship for in hazing all to his liking- for pledger and at his

command- with other girls from cheering me on to be in a frat house at and have honors.

 Work your way down, slowly, and sexually.

 Open up her PUS*Y and go straight to the- Cl*t.

 Smack the PUS*Y with your tongue fast, and suck and tug on it (not too hard though).

 As you are sucking her PUS*Y, slide your fingers in and out of her vagina opening.

 Once you have two fingers in there, and they are facing up, curve them

like a hook and without going in and out, stroke her G-spot.

If this is your first time, beware of the smell and taste, as it makes most guys gag at first.

Part of me wants to say, if I want to get drunk every night like this, then it is my decision and nothing to do with him - but I am not brave enough. Not now that I have thrown up in front of him. Why is he still standing there?

'No,' I said contritely. 'I've never been drunk before and right now I have no desire to ever be again.' Yet, I know that's a- lie…

‘Come on, I’ll take you home,’ she murmurs- do this to me.

I just do not understand why he is here. I began to feel faint. She notices my dizziness and grabs me before I fall and hoists me into his arms, holding me close to her chest like a child. For sucking and seizing on her nipples. ‘I need you, Katie.’ Holy Moses, I say at C-*-M! I am in her arms again. Where I do the same to her butt in the air, I go for it for like a half-hour.

‘Dancing,’ with Katie in the club she shouts, and I can tell he is mad at me acting slutty. He is eyeing me- him the RICHARD C. MAST suspiciously.

I struggle with my black jacket and place my small shoulder bag over my head, so it sits on my hip. I am ready to go, once I have seen Katie; to party my ass off… yet he is saying NO… No in my mind. And I just having fun. It is earsplitting, packed, and the music is underway, thus there is a huge mass on the dance floor. she sets me down, and, taking my hand, leads me back to the bar.

She knew that- I went out for some air- of him… embarrassed weak I feel dumb, and still drunk, exhausted, ashamed, and on some strange equal unquestionably off the scale electrified, by the cocktail of things I took down.

He is clutching my hand- I see them all wavy to my sight. Looking at them all swirly. Such a confusing array of emotions play tricks in my mind like haunted schoolchild ghosts. I will need at least a week to process them all, I knew even in this state of mind of senselessness.

Katie is not at our table, and Katie has disappeared. She looks lost and forlorn on her own. ‘Where’s Katie? She was off with some young girl doing what I did the night before.’ I see that she had to feel as I did… she was always like that with me… we must be the same in all-or not…! ‘My head is beginning to pound in

time to the thumping bass line of the music.'

He rolls his eyes at me and takes my hand again and leads me to the bar. He is served immediately.

'She's on the dance floor,' I touch RICHARD C. MAST'S arm and lean up and shout in his ear, brushing his hair with my nose, smelling his clean, fresh smell. All those forbidden, unfamiliar feelings that I have tried to deny surface and run amok through my drained body. I flush, and somewhere deep, deep down my muscles clench deliciously. He is such a - Control-Freak - I said to her- saying: you are just having fun. He is watching

me intently, mirrored in my- lost a young girl like the look of my eyes.

‘Drink- Drink- drink’ I heard her say to this young girl in the bar and she was about 14,’ he shouts his order at me. He looks irritated and livid, with me like I am his sex- Dollie, and nothing more…He is so overbearing, I thought. Give me love- I thought- or is sex now just the love? What is his delinquent? The moving lights are meandering and turning in time to the music casting strange colored light and obscurities all over the bar and the business. He is alternately white, green, blue, and bloodshot red.

There a dead girl in an ash box sitting on the ground, on the walkway to my home, she was just burnt a day go, and dumped, here, and this is where she is resting- no one cares about her like death and dumping ash that nothing- or that she was only 5 years of age…I take a hesitant swallow; I think about the life she never had- on like all the others thoughts going through my mind I care.

‘All of it,’ shouts in my head- like the way she passed- by some killing her for the dollar in her underwire where she keeps and for the young rape.

I sway slightly, and he puts his hand on my shoulder to steady me. Um-

Merry… are you ever going to live this down, and say she slipped away? She was my sister girl- and mom and they just dump her off… to be kicked by passing feet- yah but that is what they do these days- girl.

Cemeteries are wasted spaces of land, why do that when you need to construct things in that space? There is nothing left to remember her by- nothing by the memories in my mind of whom she was.

It makes me feel queasy, as I look in the box 3 x 6-inch books and see nothing but blackened asks… blowing some of the wands of the high walkways…

in the glowing tingling light of the smoggy covered skyline. I notice this thought of what she was wearing the last time that I saw her, a blur though- wearing; a loose white linen shirt, snug jeans, playing in the park on the roof of the high-rise, pink converse sneakers, and a pink and white jacket, I would know I see a flick in some of the ash hitting my face as dust in the wind.

Now in bed sleeping pills at my side, taking the glass from me, she places them for me- so sweet. Her shirt is unbuttoned at the top, and I see a sprinkling skin coming at me- and I out… then just to see her ass in my face… when

I come to it, in my groggy frame of mind, she looks delicious.

He takes my hand once more. Holy cow - he is leading me onto the dance floor. Shit. I do not dance. He can sense my reluctance, and under the colored lights, I can see his amused, slightly sardonic smile. He gives my hand a sharp tug, and I am in his arms again, and he starts to move, taking me with him. Boy, he can dance, and I cannot believe that I am following him step by step. It is because I am drunk that I can keep up. He is holding me tight against him, his body against mine… if he were not clutching me so tightly, I am sure I

would swoon at his feet. In the back of my mind, my mother's often-recited warning comes to me: Never trust a man who can dance.

I looked into him/ his daily thoughts and what he did, just to see that he was with a 15-year-old - not me- saying- 'Such a tight pussy- so tight, young, and small and the sucking oh so tight it's letting are out the sides. - he said as I see that he was with a new girl named- Nataliee.

I just was modified…Really likes she likes someone, I gasp. Katie is making her moves go in her mind for me of her hook up, she had with her new friend. She

is dancing her ass off, and she only ever does that if she likes someone. It means there will be three of us for breakfast tomorrow morning. Katie! Outside and inside my head pounding away, loud. I cannot hear what he says, I tuned it out… it was my wishes. I cannot tell the color under the pulsating to all the heat of the flashing lights going off, is the day starting a new.

I Katie- curly blonde hair, and light, wickedly gleaming eyes.

Me- She pulls me into her arms, where she is more than happy to be… Katie!

But I never got to talk to her, the girl she had last night- I had to meet her. A new day is all the same- until the night- RICHARD C. MAST propels us off the dance floor in double-quick time. Is she okay? She said- she is not you- though. I need to do the safe sex lecture, for the school, the teacher I know is a lezbo, but yes…she loves me.

I can see where things are heading for her and him, In the back of my mind, I hope she reads one of the posters on the back of the toilet doors. My thoughts crash through my brain, fighting the drunk, fuzzy feeling. It is so warm here, so loud, so colorful - too bright. My

head begins to swim with so many thoughts of him and her, and her and then him- and what she did- he did- and what I did with all, oh no… The last thing I hear beforehand, I pass out in RICHARD C. MAST -'s arms is his harsh description. It is incredibly quiet, I am comfortable and warm, the light is muted, in this bed. 'Freak!' I open my eyes, Hmm… I am tranquil for a moment.

'This looks bigger than I remember,' I said to him- by this time I have a lust for him so- that I need him- oh so much. Oh so…! It is oddly familiar to me yet all-new the love only he can give- odd as only she can too as a girl- and he a

boy. I have no idea where I am, halfway into the night- I come to it and see I am in his bed nude, and he is going down on me, lovingly hard! I am enjoying the strange unfamiliar surroundings, of him just work- work- working it! Where? …?... Where am I? My confused brain struggles over its recent painterly memories.

Holy crap- I said- like that is carp the is holy- said Katie in my mind… ha funny. I am a hotel he owns in Atlantic City. …In a suite- I see him coming to me, ready for loving making, As I did the last time, we were together, he loves it when I spray all over his face, as he loves doing to me as well! I have stayed in a room like

this with Katie. Oh shit. I'm in RICHARD C. MAST -'s suite. This room is worth more than the then-White House- and some of those places that why do not care about- How did I get here?

I questioned… memories of the previous night come slowly- back to haunt me, like my sister young life coming to end fast with someone, that did not love her just for hot young sex. She never had a boy toy. Nothing dead at 5! Holy shit. No socks…No jeans… I see this photo of her playing- where she was just being a kid-I see the first time she cum-med, on her little bed, it was the same night- she found out she was going to have to not

see me any longer- so Katie showed her to be happy- I glance at the bedside night table- and see her face on the screen that movies the photos. I do not remember coming here. I am wearing my T-shirt, bra, and panties. I FEEL

Broken- The drinking, oh no the drinking, the handset call, oh no the phone call, the vomiting, oh no the vomiting. Katie and then RICHARD C. MAST. Oh no. I cringe inwardly.

The orange juice tastes heavenly, I sit up and take the tablets. On it is a glass of orange juice and two tablets. Advil. He is such a Control freak that he is, he thinks of the whole thing. I do not

feel that bad, much healthier than I merit too. Dehydration quenching and invigorating. Nothing beats freshly squeezed orange juice to refresh a parched mouth.

How are you feeling?' 'Improved better than I earned,' I- gabble.

'How did I get here?' My voice is small and contrite.

Do not worry about it, he said- fast.

Followed by: 'Good morning Merry. I peek up at- him, I for one, like- feel like a two-year-old, if I close my eyes when I am not here. There is a knock on

the door, for it to open. RICHARD C. MAST -’s sweat; the notion does odd things to me. My heart leaps into my mouth, and I cannot seem to find my voice, to say come in. He opens the door anyway and strolls in, being all sweet. Holy hell, he has been working out, in tight shorts that show off his backside.

He comes and sits down on the edge of the bed, way, off, like his hair, blowing in the wind as the doors were open to the cityscape. Sweat, hard I take a deep breath and close my eyes, I cannot bear to look at the cheat any longer. He is staring at me, bright blue eyes, and as usual, I have no idea what he is thinking,

even if it is run hard in my mind of all the facts. He is close enough for me to touch, for me to smell, for him to be overpowering- and I want him- oh no- YES! Do I want him!

The towel he had was thrown on the bed at my feet.

He hides his thoughts and feelings so well. Grasps are let out of me for he has me around his neck, going in for it. Like his sex toy that is a rag doll, I wriggle hard. He even takes me from behind over the chair without me giving the okay- I was all his! And I look down and see that I am shaved! Oh my… 'Did

you put me to bed?’ Did you get me tonight's top?

His face is blank.

‘Yes!’

Um- it was an intoxicating cocktail- ‘After you passed out, that he gave me last night my little girl down under is still red- and I can walk- so much better than a margarita, I was out in the la-la land- and I do remember the hardcore FREAKING! and now I can speak from experience, this man goes in hard and deep.

‘Did I throw up again?’ My voice is quieter. Do not worry about getting

pregnant I have taken care of that too… with this. An implant was placed by a doter last night when you were passed out- do not thank me!

Do not say anything- do not even think about it- it for your good.

Um- is all I got out before his index finger hashed me- up to- my lips.

‘Did you undress me?’ I whispered…

‘Funny you cute- that’s the least of your worries!’ He spoke.

Um…?

I thought…! I think too much…? He is right…? Or is this wrong…?

‘Monday.’

‘Clever girl. When do you start?’ I press my thighs together at the delicious memory, ‘Slip’ and it reminds me that I need to spread my knees. For her, I shuffle them apart. How long will he make me wait?’ No- yes… she leans forward and kisses my forehead. I am thrown by his casual command, but do as I am bid, and he undoes my bra and unzips my skirt. He pushes my skirt down, cupping behind me as he does, and kissing my shoulder. He leans against me, I and his nose nuzzle

my hair, inhaling deeply. He squeezes my buttocks.

‘You intoxicate me, Miss King, and you calm me. Such a heady combination.’ He kisses my hair. Grabbing my hand, he tugs me into the shower.

‘Ow,’ I squeal. The water is practically scalding. RICHARD C. MAST grins down at me as the water cascades over him.

She smiles, I gape at him quizzically. She lifts her head to gaze down at me, a hint of amusement in her eyes, and sighs. She strokes his fingertips

down my cheek, then down the length of my body.

1

‘It was a yearning to burn.’ Computers and robots have taken over the world, nobody needs to read any of that shit, or think. Everything is at our fingertips with cell phones, I pad, and PC's, without looking through old dusty pages, plus Its agents the law to think for yourself, and read any books. We burn books like most have the burning itch to have unpredicted sex.

We burn books like most have the burning itch to have unpredicted sex now morning, like the alarm, going off to let me know so… its 7 am… on a Monday-

and the year is 2070. I have great frustration with myself as I frown at my look in the mirror, not what you call ass ugly- but days like this one you just wish you were dead… all girls no that feeling.

The feeling of worthlessness was over-warming me. ‘Look at this hair what a mess- I said- in my mind, rolling my eyes and making faces as I go to pick my nose.’ It is just not doing what I want… I said whispering. Hell… look at it- my hair my face- and eyes, like- just freaking sucks today, I finally said it out loud- yet the cat looked like I was crazy too- for talking. Damn Harper for being sick and

lay open to me to this nightmare… of like having to do this… for her.

I do not want to but- it is for her. I feel I have too- n- all.

I should be studying for my final exams, and I am in high school girl- looking forward to graduation- intern work looks good for a job, coming up like I won't be 17 years of age until July of this year- but it looks good to have- the ass-kissing- no? All the test- all the test- God just wants to be done with it all- like which are all this week.

Yet here I am trying to brush my hair into submission and look cute… hard

for a girl like me said by the others- not by me. I must not sleep with it wet anymore- God last night just jumped in the bad nude... and masturbate 10 times, I use a vibrator, and dildo- but most of the times I use my hands, I started when I was 6- manly to get to sleep by passing out afterward- to get up… and look at all of this that you see here. at the time- 16 as of this, today boys ask all the time- Bra size: 34b yah I no.

Underwear type: thongs, boy-shorts, when you developed pubic hair 11 Do you Shave/Wax? When did you start? 12 Do you masturbate?

Yes, with a dildo going in out coming hard over and over for some boy that you wish was real. When did you start? That why I said it- Have you had sex? Not yet- How old were you the first time?

Um? That would be nice- so I would not feel like a complete loser.

Have you given oral sex to a guy? How old were you the first time?

Yes, at 9-year-old… Have you been fingered? Ah, yes like

when I was 10. How old were you the first time? I said it… it is true.

Do you change in front of girlfriends? Family? Yes, friends and mom, and my girls. Skinny-dip? Yes, with friends… the top questions boys ask me… about who they think I am. And all they care about.

Anyways- I must not sleep with it wet. Reciting this mantra several times, I endeavor, once more about it all, to bring it under control with the brush as I finger myself- just to get the edge off- getting one rubbed out before the day starts. I roll my eyes in exasperation and gaze at the pale, brown-haired girl with blue eyes too big for her face staring back at me and giving up.

My only option is to restrain my wayward hair in a ponytail and hope that I look semi-presentable. Shannia is my roommate, us- we- are just two girls trying to make it without Mom and Dad holding our hands- you know how it is- I want to be a big girl- playing house they call it.

I would say that she should be the one doing this for me. But I have too… Consequently, she cannot attend the interview she had arranged to do with me; so-o I would not blow chunks on the poor ass hole like he is some dick- some mega industry-list tycoon that I have never heard of… you the type of old

crabby dick sucker. That gets joy out of betting off under the desk to girls like me, hand coffee.

Like, I just want to work for the student newspaper, so I must do this- for college... and get nothing out of it…?

So, I have volunteered to do this agent my well and better judgment. I know what is going to be… me getting hurt and having to come home crying, and need to come hard, in my undies- off to the side. I have final exam calls for me to do this, one essay to finish they call- yah sure you suck the man off- for it, and I am supposed to be working this afternoon and be happy- sure. Smile and walk away-

is what I do- in school, not know shit about this job- no education at all- here.

Thanks… I think on the inside… but no - today- like I must drive one hundred and seventy-five miles, me paying for it all- no question's asked- to sit down and get ass freaked- in a scene- all the way down to downtown New York to meet the mysterious RICHARD C. MAST of Ellie Magazine head shit of bad writing- Inc.

As a brilliant businessperson and major sponsor of our school, his time is extraordinarily precious (my school would say not me) - much more precious than she tells me… my teachers that is I need

it with SATs- yeah- right… Damn her extra-curricular activities. If I wanted that I would have suck and blowing a trumpet in the band for 6 years. It is fingering he-he.

Shannia is huddled on the couch, rubbing, and humping a pillow- in the living room spread open she turns- as I should be- with her… she is diddling herself as a 17-year-old will do… that just for fun- yelling making the old ass next door pissed. They creep- look at us- shaking their head to what they do not understand, just calling us the slut generation- as they sand on their

verandas. Like you can do it on the veranda- of your apartment?

He- he- I get it- she is open… to it… it was said. ‘Mary, I'm sorry about cutting out on you. It took me nine months to get this interview… from my dick suckers at school- It will take another six to reschedule, and a reset of my last year but I not going. I will just drop out… it is what they want… anyway- you are dumb- I said. Come with me so-o we will both have graduated. As an editor with honors, I cannot blow this off- you should not either- come on like what you have done. I would rather just masturbate all the time… okay…? I said… (You can

make more doing that… she said under her breath.)

Please,’ Shannia begs me in her harsh, sore throat voice for sucking one off the night before. How does she do it? Even sick she looks freaking beautiful, strawberry blonde hair all in place and blue bright eyes, although mine looks wet and water like the way she should look doing what she has just done.

‘Nice butt pug… ha- thanks she said.’ I ignore my twinge of annoying sympathy for my low self-esteem. ‘Of course, I'll go Shannia if you- his- me here- and she points downward. You should go back to bed with me.

Would you like some Nyquil or Tylenol mixed with alcohol?' That such do it…? 'All of the above, please… Here are the questions for you, did I need to do this just to be a writer- of shit. So, her my recorder does not pay it back you may get porn sounds of last night. Just press the record here- see the button that says recorded. Make notes, I'll transcribe it all- for you, I know you can't do that- without bitching about it.'

'I know nothing about him,' I murmur over and over, trying to find something I may like about him, and failing to quash my rising dread and fear. 'See these here the list in her hand- a

crumpled piece of paper- all the questions just ask these and you'll do fine- got them from google- like what I did through high school google well teach you- not your teachers, see- see you through that in a line- and you look smart to this dick- that's what it's all about kissing ass. Go, love- It is a long drive where you do not want to look bad in front of the big-time faggot.

I don't want you to be late- your right- so he's gay.' That what they say- freak him and see and let me no- nice… slut I said to her- you know it- she said back. 'Okay, I'm going- don't hurt yourself there. Get back to bed- and put that thing

away or shave it. Going to eat out later- WHAT? Food- food latter.' I stare at her fondly. Only for you, Shannia, would I do this? 'I will do it all like all ways- good luck- G- thanks- you care? I spoke. And thanks to Mary - as usual, you're my lifesaver.' Getting together my schoolbag, I smile ironically at her, then head out the door down all the steps to the car. I cannot believe it, I have let Shannia talk me into this.

Nevertheless, then Shannia could talk anyone into anything, she was the hot one in school, not me. She will make an exceptional journalist- I am sure of it so would have I if I would have been given

the chance. She is communicative, robust, convincing, quarrelsome, lovely - and she is my sweetheart, sweetie of a friend. The roads are clearly wet, rain covered yet, I set off from home, it is early, and I do not have to be in New York until three this afternoon to be on time. I am not sure if my old car, well make the journey in time- she is an incredibly old girl.

Oh, a fun drive, and the miles slip away as I floor the pedal- backfiring all the way. My journey's end is the headquarters of Mr. Durval 's global enterprise that he so-called made all on his own doing. It is a huge 100-story office building, all curved glass, and steel,

an architect's modern imaginary, with Durval wrote inconspicuously in brace over the crystal-like a glass of front revolving doors, and all on the building high up.

It is a quarter to three when I come to my destination, relieved that I am not late as I walk into the mammoth - and frankly unapproachable - glass, steel, and white stonework antechamber. In arrears, the solid sandstone is the desk of dark wood, an extremely attractive, dressed up, young girls’ smile is all too creepy for my liking- enjoyably at me- like they want to know all about me- be their eye. She is wearing the sharpest charcoal suit jacket

and white shirt I have ever seen. She looks immaculate. ‘I'm here to see Mr. Durval.

I am - so and so- I said- yes okay- it does not matter take a- number, I call you when I fill it your time to see this man. So, I have- to kiss your ass to do this lady she said all possible- yes or you can walk out the door. FREAK YOU! I said to here no told me up- bossy for me- but 3 hours is too long to be puss- freaked around with. She arches her eyebrow slightly as I stand self-consciously before her. I am beginning to wish I had borrowed one of Shannia's formal blazers rather than wear my shorts and a tank

top. I tried and worn my only skirt, my no-nonsense brown knee-length boots, and a blue sweater. For me, this is smart. I tuck one of the escaped tendrils of my hair behind my ear as I pretend, she does not intimidate me. ‘Miss, we’ve expected you but not looking like you roll out of bed. Please sign in here,

Miss Merry, you’ll want the last train over there to go up-on the left, press for the twentieth hounded floor.’ She smiles kindly at me, amused no doubt about it, as I sign in- and sigh- and stop and get a dress- for this man that too old to get it up to care about me showing it all off. ‘Stuff your eyes with wonder, I

always say, live as if you'd drop dead in ten seconds- like most that do these days, and your body is bunt on the spot in plain sight for the world to see- just like a book- no one cares about what inside of you- is all cold what on the cover- not the text just the picture. See the world... good now look at it- I don’t see anything to live for- It's more fantastic than any dream made or paid for in place of work my way.’

She indicators to me and as I go past security as a GUEST- very confidently and yet shy- stamping on the forward-facing. I cannot help my smirk.

Surely, it is obvious that I am just visiting. I do not fit in here at all. The train beaters with a gust of air moving past me fast- mag-lev- me with incurable swiftness to the floor in under zip time. The doors slide open to let more androids work in and out, I call them a waste of what we- you and I could be doing, and I am in another outsized antechamber - again all glass, steel, and white sandstone. I look up at the top- seeing the sky go from blue to black… Yet to me and most this is nothing these days.

Nothing changes in my life, just a new day of shit, I- inwardly sigh. Thanking the train for the ride, I walk

over to the- bank of silos past the two security men who are both far more vigorously dressed than me, in their blue armed suits.

I am threatened by another desk of sandstone and another young blond-haired person- no name just a number- looks at me dressed faultlessly in black and white who does not even rise to greet me, or care I am there. Other to pop gum- and look at the ID- slightly- that the robots' job she said- I do not get paid to do that or think- so why do it? ‘All and sundry I left something behind when he passed think in my thoughts, my grandfather said- too always’ work hard.

2

A child, a book, a painting, a house, or a wall built, or a pair of shoes made- you are smart- go for your dreams even if the world is not a wonderful place. Or a garden planted- now looks at the world- plant things ha. Something your hand touches in some way- has meaning always, like part of your soul has somewhere to go when you die, remember that- yes right- I roll my eyes- at that too.

'Why…? Why is it?' we go…? That was all I remember before they put him down- and let him up. I was kicking and scramming- and they ripped me away at

10 years old- it how it must be- MOM said. ‘Too much of a cost on us taxpayers. Death and end of funds… is life.’ Miss, could you wait here the bot said, please?’ She points to a seated area of white skin covered chairs.

Behind the leather chairs are a spacious glass-walled meeting room with an equally spacious dark wood table and at least twenty matching chairs around it. Beyond that, there is a floor-to-ceiling window with a view of the New York skyline, that appears out through the city on the way to the Sound. It is a spectacular panorama, and I am temporarily paralyzed by the view and the

look down all glass flooring too. Wow- I said amazed...

I sit down, fish the questions from my satchel, and go through them, inwardly cursing Shannia for not providing me with a brief biography. I know nothing about this man I am about to interview. He could be ninety or he could be thirty. The uncertainty is galling, and my nerves resurface, making me fidget. I have never been comfortable with one-on-one interviews, preferring the anonymity of a group discussion where I can sit inconspicuously at the back of the room.

To be honest, I prefer my own company, reading a classic British novel, curled up in a chair in the campus library. Not sitting shuddering apprehensively in an immense glass and stone structure. I just rolled my eyes at myself in the many shiny objects around me just like this showing too much ass.

Like- get a hold of it- it is just a man winkie look at me in the face- why is this okay? I said to myself. Judging building for adding nudes in artwork, which is too scientific and cold-modern, I guess Old is in his thing: fit, tanned, and fair-haired to match the rest of the personnel. My only warmth is the glow of

fire lights- just for show-An an additional elegant thing-y-me-bob-er, a more nude girl is compromised sexual poses' flawless girls showing it all, shit look at this compared to that- not good- not good… I see younger no-names blond-haired person comes out of a large- acting mindless door that lights open with their barcode on their rest.

With a deep breath, I stood up. 'Miss' it's time. It is like a death march I thought… with the creepy music in the background- playing in my implanted headset… adjusting automatically. Every person in the whole dying world must leave something behind when he/she/it

dies- it- being the no names- that are just- works that have not met the grade of IQ of 50 or less, my grandfather they are not dumb some are at 10- smoking and drugging- nothing more- just no work in them.

So, this is what they do- make them drummer… hand out money for nothing- they can even come op to a child of 3 making a book or a painting or tie a pair of shoes or make them.

Otherwise, a garden planted… something your hand touched some way, so your soul has somewhere to go when you die, and when people look at that tree or that flower you planted, you are there.

‘Indeed,’ I clear my throat- of what was hard to swallow. ‘Certainly.’ There, that sounded more confident- when I have voices in my hand say you will never do SHIT. ‘The RICHARD C. MAST will see you in a moment. May I take your jacket- miss the deadbeat said?’

‘Oh, sure thing…’ I struggle out of the jacket and was nice to the dumb bum. Can I get you anything to eat or drink, would you like: ‘Would you like tea, coffee, water- saltines?’ Something at all? ‘Um - no- thank you- I said back to this- it- female.’ This blonde- glares her eyes- at the task, she now must do- for hardly any money- she is incredibly young and

uneducated- for a woman of her age sitting at the desk she is at doing this work; and as she asks, turning her attention back to me as she stumbles to do the simple job. Here it is- ‘A glass of water. Thank you,’ I murmur not looking up at her- for she, a no-buddy. Olivia scurries up proximately and scurries to an entrance/exit on the other side of the room.

‘Olivia, please fetch Miss Marry a glass of water.’ Her voice is unyielding- and do your job- NOW. ‘My request for forgiveness for her lack of skills, Miss- she’s only a 25 IQ-er, Olivia is our new intern- part of will help you suck at life

program… Please be seated as I do this to for her. Our RICHARD C. MAST will be an additional five or so moments.’ It does not matter what you do, so long as you change something from the way it was before you touched, right- the girl asked- thinking- I said- do not… she went on saying something that is like you after you take your hands away- is what matters- right. Shut up! She said to it… Olivia returns with a glass of iced water on a hot plate. RICHARD C. MAST insists on all his employees being blonde… dumb shits…?

‘Here you go, Miss.’ And she dumps it down my lap… ‘Thank you.’ Dumb Shit! I muttered under my breath…

‘We need not be let alone… the dumb one said to me… were a danger to ourselves’ and others… We need to be bothered occasionally to see if we are alive. How long is it since you were bothered- how about now by you, About something important, about something real?’ Stop asking dumb question’s… I said to her… that does not matter in today’s life. Echoing on the sandstone floor this blonde tramp over to the large desk, her heels clicking. She sits down, and they both continue their dumb ass work they do not know how to do well. I have worn the wrong clothes, yet ones more- too sexy, I am wondering idly if that is legal… do look as I do for this…?

Humm? I questioned it… buying a short low-cut dress. She seems to excel at jumping from her seat. She is more nervous than me… looking at me! Sex is all that it is about- right- it is all they want, these days. Olivia turns and says my job is done as she goes through the door. Good, now I do not have to hear that running in my ears.

Olivia jumped up and called the trains. I do not hear the reply… to over niceness. The others turn and look at me as I get up showing way too much skin, they are all seeing all of me- upskirt shot here, some girls smile at the look of my vagina- their dark eyes crinkling at the

corners getting all they want to remember about me. ‘You don't need to knock - just go in.’ She smiles kindly. ‘Good afternoon, ladies this man said to them,’ he says as he departs through the sliding door looking at all my- eyes dropping at then up.

3

I am trying so hard not to overwhelm my nerves, as I stand unsteadily. Get-together my schoolbag, I leave my glass of water and make my way to the moderately open door- to be shown the way. The door just thrust open as I stumble through- always trapping and clumsy, tripping over my own feet, and

tumbling headfirst into the office- where he sits- looking at me with sex eye. Double dog freaking shit dick suck- bite me- I said- as I walked in- good- entrance miss he said… as I am still falling over my two left feet! I am on my hands and knees in the doorway to RICHARD C. MAST'S office, and gentle hands are around me helping me to stand- they were his- a young hot thing that I was falling for just by the look of well that. I am so embarrassed, damn my clumsiness. I must steel myself to glance up. Holy cow - he is so young.

He extends a long-fingered hand to me once I am upright.

‘I'm RICHARD C. MAST -. Are you all right, would you like to sit?’

So young - and attractive, extremely attractive. He is tall, dressed in a fine gray suit, white shirt, and black tie with unruly dark copper-colored hair and intense, bright gray eyes that regard me shrewdly. It takes a moment for me to find my voice.

‘Um. Actually - ‘I mutter. If this guy is over thirty, then I am a monkey's uncle. In a daze, I place my hand in his and we shake. As our fingers touch, an odd exhilarating shiver runs through me. I withdraw my hand hastily, embarrassed. It must be static. I blink rapidly, my

eyelids matching my heart rate. I hope you don't mind; I am the RICHARD C. MAST.' 'Are you- so?' His voice warm sexual, perchance entertained, but it is difficult to tell from his impassive expression. He looks mildly interested, but polite. 'Merry. I am studying English Literature with my girlfriend you no, um... High school intern… 'I see he said nicely,' I reasoned with himself some- I see the flicker of loss in the smile of his expression- given, but I am not sure. 'Would you like to sit?' He waves me toward a white leather buttoned L-shaped couch.

His office is way too big for just one man. In front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, there is a huge modern dark-wood desk that six people could comfortably eat around. It matches the coffee table by the couch. Everything else is white - ceiling, floors, and walls except on the wall by the door, where a mosaic of small paintings hangs, thirty-six of them arranged in a square. They are exquisite - a series of mundane, forgotten objects painted in such precise detail they look like photographs. Displayed together, they are breathtaking.

‘A local artist. Trouton,’ says - when he catches my gaze.

‘They're lovely. Raising the ordinary to extraordinary,’ I murmur, distracted both by him and the paintings. He cocks his head to one side and regards me intently.

‘I couldn't agree more, Miss King,’ he replies, his voice soft and for some inexplicable reason I find myself blushing.

‘I feel I've known you so many years?’ ‘For the reason that I like you,’ she said, ‘and I don't want anything from you.’

Apart from the paintings, the rest of the office is cold, clean, and clinical. I

wonder if it reflects the personality of Adonis who sinks gracefully into one of the white leather chairs opposite me. I shake my head, disturbed at the direction of my thoughts, and retrieve Katie's questions from my satchel. Next, I set up the minidisc recorder and am all fingers and thumbs, dropping it twice on the coffee table in front of me.

RICHARD C. MAST says nothing, waiting patiently - I hope - as I become increasingly embarrassed and flustered. When I pluck up the courage to look at him, he is watching me, one hand relaxed in his lap and the other cupping his chin

and trailing his long index finger across his lips. He is trying to suppress a smile.

‘Sorry,’ I hesitated, about me-being me. ‘I'm not used to all of this- or always like this- at least I try not to be.’ ‘Take as much time as you want, Miss,’ he says.

‘Once you have taken so-o much worry to set up the recorder on your phone - you ask me now?’ ‘Do you mind if I record your answers- that was my first question?’ I flush up some- beat red. I flutter my eye at him softly and sweetly, unsure what to say or do in front of this young attractive man, and he takes misfortune on me because he sympathizes

at my age- and sheepishness. He is playful, mocking, full of fun and life, giving me, I hope not to just cut my writs with safety scissors- for being dumb. ’No, I don't mind at all.’ This is what I said.

‘Did my girlfriend- explain what the interview was for?’ Same 10 questions all you kids ask- I get it. ‘Oh…!’ ‘Surely, to give the impression in the matriculation issue of the student newspaper- I have to do this part of the graduating- thing… as I shall be discussing the grades at this year's graduation ceremony- with the higher up.’ Oh- um-hum!

This is news to me, ha- not really- your part of my program at the school-

yep, I said. I frowned some, uninteresting my naughty thoughtfulness back to what I was asked to do- the job. Besides, I am momentarily pre-engaged by the thought that someone, not much older than I- okay, like I am 17 he is 30 years or so, and okay, mega-successful, likes me a little- like is going to present me with my degree- if I do all that he asks- ALL.
'Good,' I swallow nervously. 'I have some questions, RICHARD C. MAST.' I smooth a stray lock of hair behind my ear.

My cheeks heat at the realization- he is looking at me- like a boy that wants a hot heated horny - hook up, and I sit up, and fair my shoulders show my dress is

not showing to much- to look taller- and doing so- his eyes move down- showing that now- just more threatening- kill him with sex and I have him eating me out- my hand that is. Yeah- that is the saying… 'I supposed you might,' he says, disapproving.

He is amused at me- as he is looking for me over with a lot of intentions. Pressing the start button on the recorder, I try to look professional. I think- about all the books my granddad had all lost in the great fires, of things not to be known… it is all on here now- I look at my I phone/pad 20 on my wrist licked into my brain waves.

All that needs to be smart is done for you… at the swap of a finger. ‘There must be something in books, something we can’t imagine, to make a woman stay in a burning house; there must be something there, there is not the law said as they put my grandmother down- with them in flam. You don’t stay for anything- the man in red and black said.’ Remember the stories.

I snap out of my daydream- of all that is him- and the past. ‘You're incredibly young to have amassed such an empire. To what are you in debt too with your success?’ Like a god? No… I peep up

at him- biting my lip. His smile is rueful, but he looks vaguely disappointed.

Yet- ‘If you hide your lack of knowledge, no one will hate- on- you and you'll never- ever learn- from it.’ ‘Maybe you're just fortunate.’ This is not on Katie's list of things to do. However, he is so superior. His eyes flare momentarily in surprise.

‘Business is all about individuals- dumber than smart, Merry, and I'm particularly good at judging people- I can see what you are and what you’ll do for me already. ‘If you hide your ignorance, no one will hit you and you'll never acquire anything.’

I know how they tick you and me- how they think- and what you are thinking now about me Miss, what makes the show, what makes them cleverer, what motivates them and was does not, and how to incentivize them. I play the game to a point- you get what I am saying- I do not have to act- they all just want me- and want to me be… for me being me. I am everything more than a God… to my pupates. So, I am a girl on a string for you- know you do as I say or walk. I see- I said shy biting my lip harder… as the strain of his tone.

I hire an extraordinary team… I would not stand- for less than that. ‘If not,

they can take their ass out my door and not waste my time, I have no time for shit on a silver plat- Miss- passed off as good food- aka good work-in this case.' and I give compensation well- to those that earn it.

Um- I said along- 'With school turning out more racers, steeplechasers, competitors, tinkerers, grabbers, snatchers, fliers, and swimmers instead of examiners, critics, knowers, and creative creators, the word 'scholarly,' unquestionably, technologically advanced the swear word it is worthy to be.' I get what you are saying- I have always done more than other girls. Um -You do know

this is going to a paper- right? The word or word…? Um… he said that is cute and a sweet thought.

He pauses and fixes me with his somber stare- yet lustful- and unfulfilled in his accomplishments- something was missing- with him I thought. ‘My certainty is to attain victory and many trumpets in any structure one has to make oneself dominant in that structure… I know it inside and out- just like felling you out inside and out, (That is what he was doing felling me out.) -Know every detail- about a young woman.

‘I work firm and freak hard- whit the ones that want to freak, extremely

hard. I make decisions based on reason and truth. Figuring all the ass holes and pussies in the process.' Um- like- do you want me to write that down word or word?

Sure...! He said- I am so sick of this... same things by girls like you... what do you want to know... I have an ordinary gut character, that can spot and encourage a good dense inkling and good individuals. The result is, it's always down to a good society.'

'I don't contribute to luck or chance or what some call blessings, Miss. I and I only have done this... The firmer I work the better breaks I seem to have- by

curing out those that believe in something that is not real to me. It is all about having the right individuals on your side and pointing their energies in the right direction for that reason.

‘You sound like someone that has to have full out-it’s control not letting it all go till you say or time is do.’ The words are out of my mouth before I can stop them, for sounding too sexual.

‘Oh, I exercise control in other ways, I said to him,’ I bet you do he said, with a trace of wit in his sweet smile. I look at him, and he holds my gaze steadily, impassive. My heartbeat quickens and my vagina tightens, and my

face flushes again and he feels me in. I wish he would stop doing that… looking at me like he wants to freak hard… and not stop until I come 10 or more times on him. Why? Why does he have such a demoralizing result on me, yet so flawless… in everything he says. Um- He continues, his voice soft.

His overwhelming good looks. The way his eyes intensity blue at me. The way he strokes his index finger in and against his lower lips then touching my face with the other its right… sweet hot steamy lust.

‘Do you feel that you have an enormous power of your girls to do as you

say?’ Taking them for your bitches? You are not like most schoolchildren I had in here… I like that you do not mind speaking your mind, yet I would have to teach you to be humble… wouldn’t I? -And obedient… he said. I immense power… of all my workers in here and out… developed by promising control over all things. you were not born into this I would say- you need to stick to the page. It’s secret… in that, its reveries that you made your money by having your mom and dad hand it to you?’ No… cute… go on, he said.

My mouth drops open- when he said you need to shut the freak up. I am

staggered by his lack of unpretentiousness; you see… punk kids like you piss me off… so… you want me to freak you has nothing to do with me getting this job? ‘Sure, it doses… yet you have to be right- in all ways. What are the ways- yell see in time?’ This is recorded you no… I said shaking my legs together by his hand touching me softly.

‘It’s all about the influence and feeling it, if you will, with me. If I were to decide that I was no longer involved in the communications occupational and sell up, twenty-five thousand individuals would skirmish to make their hypothecation expenditures after a month

or so has passed.' 'I employ over fifty thousand public, Miss. That gives me a certain sense of obligation to do whatever I do, the way I want to do it, and how- when, and why… it's all my say… or no say at all.' You get that- Marry Shah?

He said sternly.

'Do I bother you- sir-asking a dumb question, that I have to ask for your freaking program that I give jack shit about… because really, I could be home playing with myself right now… and coming in some boy's photo- I don't need this?'

~*~

‘Don't you have a board to answer to?’ I ask, disgusted. Why you- I do not have them- your answer to me… and me alone… I over rolled them and pushed them out-it is all my say. ‘I own my establishments, they don’t- why the hell would I have ass wipes tell me how to do my shit. I am the Trump of my day and age… what do you say about that? I can go if this is too hard for you. He just smiled. As I lean forward showing my boobs some… just some. I don’t have to answer a board.’ If that was the dumb question.

He raises an eyebrow at me just muttering on about nothing.

I flush, even more, unquestionably you are the God, here, right? Cute Miss… move on, he said. I would know this if I had done some research. Not knowing all about me shows that your shy and week… and have a lack of respect for who I am, he is so arrogant- I thought. I change tack, and see that I am not even halfway done…

‘Do you have anything you love to do outside of your work?’ ‘Like- That’s the question- go for it…’

‘I have diverse hobbies, Miss.’ A hint of a smile touches his lips- yet those eyes are still locked on mine- not letting go. ‘Very wide-ranging.’ And for some

reason, I am mystified and frenzied by his firm stare into my heart looking into my eyes… wet at this point from being reamed too hard. His eyes are ablaze, kind of like mine with some fantastic and nasty sexual thoughts of him just pounding the shit out of me with his lusting sex making.

4

‘Do you believe in love at first sight?’ Why did I ask? ‘Just curiosity…!’ He said… looking in my love-stricken, and lovesick eyes. Yes, I was taken back by him… yet could not show it… ‘Nonetheless, if you work so hard, what do you do unwind- or just relax?’ He

smiles, revealing textbook and twilight novel white teeth so right yet so wrong, I stop breathing and forget how too- like. He is beautiful- for an older man- I felt all hot down under. No one should be this good-looking, and make a young lady feel this way about herself. It is just not fair to us girls.

‘Well, to 'chill out' as you put it - I said, I fly, I indulge in- various physical pursuits.’ He shifts in his chair. ‘I'm a very wealthy man, Miss King, and I have expensive and absorbing hobbies.’ I peek swiftly at Katie's questions, wanting to get off this subject of sex and work. ‘You invest in engineering. Why, precisely?’

Did I enquire about the thought- why? Why- does he make me so uneasy, anxious, nervous, and troubled? ‘I like to form things into submission bending and shipping them.’

I like to know how all things work to crack all that it is- to see what makes it tick: what makes things tick, how to construct and deconstruct. As well as I have a love of ships. ‘What can I say?’ one thing I have not cracked it a woman’s mind… ‘That thuds of a sound to me like your heart speaking rather than reason and specifics.’ ‘Though there are individuals who would say I don't have any emotions of warmth- that I am just

cold and heartless.’ He stares appraisingly at me, and his mouth coincidences up, well said- perchance. ‘For the reason that they know me well- or so they think they do.’ His lip ringlets in an ionic beam. ‘Why would they say that?’

‘I'm seventeen and I'm crazy or so they say- yet smart enough to be here. My grandfather said the two always try. When people ask your age, he said, always say seventeen and insane- it- we in-lighten them.’

I went on asking-would you say that you are someone that makes friends easily; or that you have any? Otherwise,

are you easy to get to know?’ Plus, I regret the question as soon as I say it. It is not on Katie's list; it was on mine to see if he was at all like me one or less loyal friend.

‘I'm a precise secluded person, Miss. I for one go a long way to defend my disclosure. I don’t often give dialogs out too public,’ he’s voiced softens as the sentence went off into a long one on like lost in a rambling thought. ‘Why did you come to an understanding to do this one then?’

‘The decent writer touches’ on life often like a lusting young girl. The unexceptional ones run a quick hand over

her. Feeling in all the voids, the bad ones' rape her and leave her for the bugs to eat away the leftovers.' So- for all aims and determinations, I could not get Katie off my back.

I know how stubborn Katie can be. That is why I am sitting here wriggling unpleasantly under his all-pervading gaze- that is yet so perfect when I should be studying for my exams- or just doing what she was doing herself- right? 'Like- she asked repeatedly, and harried my PR folks, and yours truly respects that kind of stubbornness.'

'You also invest in unindustrialized knowhow. Why are you

absorbed in this area of writing when there are no good books anymore- is it all sexed up media and shit you want to give out to horny kids to read less than 3 lines on their buzzing boxes- to kill their brans even more?' 'I have to put up with it- Miss- for it- sales… SEX, DUGS, and be-bop-pop music are what it's all about- yet I want more out of your text- if you work for me.'

'NOT- All visuals… without gluten…? 'We can't consume money if there is no bread, Miss, and there are too many people on this planet who don't have enough to eat- that is good for you.' You get what I am saying to you?' Is it

something you feel zealous about? Like-Nursing the world's poor do you help out the ones in this county that are in need?' 'That sounds very humanitarian… sure-whatever they want to suck out of me… right?' Whatever looks good…He moves his shoulders up and down in a way that was not okay to me. 'Feeding the world's poor, I can't see the financial benefits of this, it's discerning business,' he murmurs, though he is being insincere. It does not make sense - only the virtue of the idyllic. I peek at the next question that is on my list made by Katie, disorderly by his arrogance I shudder to look up. 'Is there a method to your madness?

I asked the question. If so, what is it?’ I do not have a- method to do things- I just make it work- for I make it work- how is that? A supervisory belief - Carnegie's: 'A man who gets the ability to take full ownership of his mind, may take proprietorship of whatsoever else to which he is justly permitted.’ I am very extraordinary, single-minded. I like order- of myself- and all other things in this thing we call life, and those all around me.’

‘You come off like the decisive purchaser.’ ‘I want to earn to possess them, but yes, bottom line, I do.’ ‘So-o you want to possess things?’ You are a control

freak. ‘I am… if you want to say I am Miss. Say what you like really- they all do your age.’ He smiles, but the smile does not touch his eyes.

Again, this is at odds with someone who wants to feed the world, so I cannot help thinking that we are talking about something else, but I am mystified as to what it is. I swallow hard.

The temperature in the room is rising or it is just me. I just want this interview to be over. Surely Katie has enough material now. I glance at the next question.

‘You were adopted- like me, there was a story that came over for another county other than the US. Is that true- or not? Do you think your past made you who you are today? Too personal? Yes- but I go there- it has not… I made me. Oh, this is, asking too much… I gaze at him in the love needing eyes, hoping he is not offended- by my stupid. His brows channel together downward and arch. My curiosity is annoyed by him I could tell… ‘I have no way of knowing.’ ‘How old were you when you were approved for a stable home?’ I was 5 and used to my mother. ‘That's a matter of public record, Miss- you can get that anywhere.’ His tone is harsh. I flush up yet again. Crap… I say in

my head- yet he heard that also. They all can be the ones that monitor everything I do, I thought and actions.

I move on quickly… doing whatever it is I am doing. Yes of course - if I had known this, I was doing this interview and did not want to be and the school voices hearing was saying, I was losing grading… I would have done some research more now if I did not shape up. ‘You've had to lose a family life for your work-life… would you say that is so-o?’

He said: ‘I'll embrace on to all God's creatures tight one day. I have one finger on it now; that is a beginning- by banning all that you call literature. I am

the reason all books were a band; I want complete control.'

Why do you not want us to read? Why- is the question that- you must crack. If you do not get it- then neither do I. He said… 'That's not a question- or anything to ask.' He is terse me some, with his long lines of wording rambling. 'Apologetic I was to this…' I wriggle some in my set feeling wet down there, and he has made me feel like an errant child. I will try it again. 'Have you had to sacrifice family life for your work?'

'I have a family. I have a brother and a sister and two loving parents. I'm not interested in extending my family

beyond that.' 'So-o is- you quire…?' I rolled my eyes knowing that was not on the list nevertheless, I wanted an A on my report. I may have had a past that I do not like but it was never with another man.

'What are you gay?' He said… I know that you have kissed, and made oral love to a girl your roommate Katie, by your racing thoughts, I heard it all and do not hold it agent you… why do you with me? RICHARD C. MAST…? Has nothing to do with the sex or whom you have that with… now does it.'

He inhales suddenly thinking and sees my going down on a girl in his mind, and I cringe, mortified… my thoughts…

Crap! I said, yet once more in my mind to cover up. Why, didn't I employ filter before, I read this straight out? How can I tell him I am just reading the questions? Damn Katie and her curiosity, said this in my mind, that it would be okay to say to him!

5

‘No, Miss., I'm not the way you are- and your young teen why’s.’ Yet I can see you having fun when you are young. And work hard when you are not. He raises his one eyebrow, with an unruffled glow in his eyes. He does not look pleased about me and my girlie past- like he wanted me or something. I fast said- I-

man too…The voices in my head… giggle at this point knowing. You're a hopeless romantic,’ he said that all not knowing or knowing what you want. The same things could be in the 'business premises families' nowadays. The same immeasurable feature and awareness could be projected through the radios and televisions but are not. ‘It would be funny if it were not serious. It is not booked you need; it is some of the things that once were in books.

No, no it is not booked at all you are looking for! Take it where you can find it, in old phonograph records, old motion pictures, and in old friends; look

for it in nature and look for it in yourself. Books were only one type of receptacle where we stored a lot of things, we were afraid we might forget. There is nothing magical in them at all. The magic is only in what books say, how they stitch the patches of the universe together into one garment for us. Of course, you could not know this, you still cannot understand what I mean when I say all this. You are intuitively right, that is what counts.

‘I apologize. It's um... written here.’ It is the first time he has said my name. My heartbeat has accelerated, and my cheeks are heating up again. Nervously, I tuck my loosened hair behind

my ear. He cocks his head to one side slightly. ‘These- ‘isn’t’ your questions, are they?’ They are not… I said back. The blood drains from my head, and I feel as if I passed out some- going all black. Oh no, it flashed past in my head. ‘Katie - Miss. - she assembled the queries to go on with.’ She rushed in with her wording- ‘Nobody listens anymore. I can't talk to the walls because, they're screaming at me, walls- - those things you look at all the time like cells and notebooks - ‘I can't talk to my loved ones overall this’- he said; she listens to the walls. I just want someone to hear what I have to say. And maybe if I talk long enough it will make complete sense.

Then I asked it as a lost little schoolchild want more- saying- ‘Then I want you to teach me to comprehend what I read.’ ‘Are you, colleagues, on the student paper?’

‘No, she’s my roommate not my love of marge- we’re just leaving together.’ Oh, rat crap, I said in my mind- yet he knows. I have nothing to do with the student paper, the girl said, he could see snapshots of Katie playing with herself not want to be a part of all this… It is her extra-curricular activity I said, not mine as of this moment.

My face is aflame with embarrassment- of diddling. He rubs his

stubbed hair chin, in the quiet debate, his blue eyes assessing me. ‘Did you volunteer to do this interview?’ He asks, his voice was deadly quiet. Hang on, who is hypothetical to be interrogating whom, His eyes tingle into me- like, and I am obliged to answer with the certainty.

‘I was conscripted to this… She's not well.’ My voice is weak and apologetic, for her… yet they know the truth. ‘We're not finished here, Andrea. Please cancel my next meeting.’

Where are you from? A small town- she said along with these small towns are fun places; everybody thinks they know everybody. They bought, they

sold, live in fear of getting old, getting cold. Life to death, it is all a myth just a wish, only to walk in the dark, to make their mark, in the life they embark.

Yet they know what is so, nowhere to run to go, they come and go, with nothing to show. With some that are high and some low. However, they always know narrow minds never change, only to rearrange, in the exchange. Memories never fade, and the ones that make their lies get paid. It is all slipping away from day today. There is always someone with something to say. Whatever comes, whatever may, it is just another day... in a small town, with dreams going in the

ground, with only names on rocks to be found.

Where one person runs it all and is crowned, we dance like fools, we are her clowns. That is just life bowing down to a small town, it is just the words going around. With so much doom and gloom, lonely nights in a room.

‘That explains a great deal.’ He said…

‘RICHARD C. MAST, forgive me for interjecting, but your next meeting is in two or four minutes.’ ‘You don't have to burn books to destroy a culture. Just get people to stop reading them.’ He spoke.

The girl from before is back speaking out of context. She appears lost popping in and out. He turns his head slowly to face her and raises his eyebrows. She flushes bright pink in the face at the why I and he is treating her lack of life. Oh good… you did what was asked of you… good for you… no go be somewhere. It is not just me… or kids getting dumb-er…? I asked…

‘Where were we, Miss?’

‘Some individuals turn sad unpleasantly early in their life. Non-singular motive, it gives the impression, but then again, they are almost innate that way. The staining unceremonious, tire quicker, exclamation more rapidly,

evoking lengthier and, as I say, get melancholy younger than anyone else in the ecosphere. I know, for I'm one of them, back in the days of before.’ ‘Please don't let me keep you from anything.’ Say all that is on your mind. ‘Very well, RICHARD C. MAST,’ then, he frowns some in his long chat with me and turns his consideration back to the rambling on.

She said: ‘There has to be something in books, something we can’t visualize, to make a ladies stay in a scorching house; there must be something there that we all need something more unexplained.’

Oh, we are back to 'Miss' now.

He murmurs… on getting softer in his voice, and then he gazes intensely into my love-stricken eyes; all humor was gone when he did that and we locked, and bizarre muscles deep in my lower than my belly clench suddenly in hard lust. His blue eyes are alight with the wicked curiosity of all, that is me and inside my- heart, soul, and more.

Which I should be studying for now rather than sitting in your palatial, swanky, sterile office, feeling uncomfortable under your penetrating gaze.

But you cannot make people listen. They have to come ‘round in their

own time, wondering what happened, and why the world blew up around them. It cannot last.

6

‘Don't you look so guiltless- over all that took place, why didn't you give me a biography, he made me feel like such an idiot for economical on the basic investigation.’ Katie locks a hand to her mouth. Saying: ‘Jeez, babe, I'm sorry - I didn't think about it all the way through.’ I feel some grumpiness coming over me with my changing mood.

‘Typically, he was well-mannered, prescribed, stuffy - like he's old before his

time. He does not dialog like a man of twenty-something. How old is he anyway?' 'Twenty-seven. Jeez, I am sorry, Merry, I should have briefed you, but I was in such dread.

Let me have the mini chip for your headset, and I'll start transliterating the interview, it's the least I can do.' Hell, you just want to replay the video admit it! '**U_NO_IT**!' She flashed through my mind, as text to read like a hologram, yet I could see it in front of my eyes passing by like a ticker.

'You look better. Did you eat your dehydrated soup- and mac and cheese?' I ask her to the movie for food, not sex to

change the subject. That is all you do anymore is eat, sleep, bitch about that, and CUM!

Yepper- and I’m-a proud of it- she said- humping her pillow! ‘Certainly, and it was delightful, enjoyable, and lovely, as usual. I'm having the sensation of feeling much better than I did.’ She smiles at me in gratitude. I checked my watch. ‘I have to run, I can still make my shift at Macy's, as a clerk, I don’t even think; I well- shower off, I’m going to just come home and do this more- like, um- so why to bother… right…?’

Um- yeah- that turns me on- I said… NOT! You are getting to be lazy

and gross! Yes, but you love me so…

‘Merry, you'll be exhausted- to see me tonight I just know it.’ ‘I'll be fine, until you get back, all by myself- a lot of my wandering thoughts. I'll see you later… she runs out the door slip on a dress with nothing under it.’ Katie- I am the shit at any DIY. I have worked at Macy’s since I started working when I was 14. It is the major self-determining man/woman’s wear store in the New York area, and over the four years I have worked here for too long, I have come to know a little bit about most everything we sell - underwire to even I do not wear them ever- although unluckily, I leave all that to my dad to say it is wrong.

Merry- I am much more of a curl-up-with-a-book-in-a comfy- chair-by-the-fire-with-coffee- kind-a- of-a girl and have everything in its place on me and of me, yet she works for me.

Katie- I am glad I can make my shift, to have some money to play with at the end of the week. I bet I could buy you a mill. He said to me… Katie and you let him? Yes…I said. To be there whenever he wants, she asked.

No comment… I did I give her.

I am home looking at my report, it gives me something to have my emphasis on other them all of him- all. We

are eventful - it is the start of the summertime of year, and folks are redecorating their homes. My friends that I work with were happy to see me, as always… it has become custom with us.

‘Marry Sue*!* I thought you were not going to make it today- I was going in to work a JC Penny's at 5 ‘till-10.’ And then it back home to be with my cuddle bug, she looks forward to me… ‘My tasks suck didn't take as long as I thought. I can do a couple of hours of this I said lost in the thoughts of him- and then her and then him and then- him- him- her- aww.’

‘I'm pleased to see you, it was him- look down at me I am looking up so

much small, he’s just so-o right.’ She and her start’s re-stocking shelves for me say that a short girl should not be doing this job, and I am soon absorbed in the task, yet lost in love- of being in love. And- aw- yes with him… I stumble backward and he saves me from falling… like to my death… or something… it was sweet. When I arrive home later, Katie is wearing headphones, seeing all that happen, she is pissed, and working on her laptop, frantically editing by down report that I was okay with leaving as is.

Her nose and puss-puss still pink for having a head could for giving- wellhead to random high school boys, the

day before- she a good kid what can I say- it pays, but she has her unfiltered wording into a story now, so she is focused and typing furiously run-ons. I flush, by her and the thoughts of him also… I was feeling both.

I am methodically exhausted - dog-tired- by the long drive back home even if I was looking over the past days of my life on the windshield screen of the car, the exhausting think about the interview, she had my pc on the luster rock tabletops by my bed, and me cum covered dildo at her feet, she thinks that more loving or something to our mine.

I slump on to the couch with for more- sexy time, foreplay and boob playing, thinking about the essay I must finish and all the studying I have not done today because I was holed up with... him and getting her and me off more than 50 times today- yet that is the norm. I flush, and my heart rate inexplicably increases with ever stock in and out of my puss, and her rubbing my clit- That was not the reason, surely, He just wanted to show me around so I could see that he was lord of all he surveyed, and I was thanking him and that man too. I realize I am biting my lip, and I hope Katie does not notice. But she seems absorbed in her text. I see him over there giving me the eye- He wanted

to spend more time with you, they said- why not take it one noise teacher said.’

I should have- but the task was done to its fullest-no?

‘Yes’- ‘we all do.’

‘You've got some good things said here, Merry, so well done, is what the team says going sitting in the broad room at school as there were reading the copy on their handheld notebooks. I cannot believe you did not take him up on his offer to show you around. I hear what you mean about formal, here in your writing a little too stuffy said the same one.

That is fine I would rather have that than what I have been getting- with the other girls it was nothing but sexed up sex- and sex talk, so I will take this over having to read that. Yet he has asked for you- not them to be with him more… do you want it? Did you take any notes on being his girl?' she asks. She gives me a short-lived puzzled look, as to why I have made it in.

'Um… no, I didn't,' I said.

Why?

'I didn't think it needed to be that also, to be a writer.'

‘That's fine I see the point you're making. Did I make a fine article with this… then right? Good-looking son of a bitch, isn't he? Said the one… yah why her. I overhear when walking out the door getting a pat on the back by the older woman that had some brains.’ ‘I suppose so, I said looking at her and shyly smiling.’ I try hard to sound neutral, and I succeed, yah no. ‘Oh come on, Marry - even you can't be immune to his looks.’

She arches an eyebrow perfectly at me, in the cute way that only she can. Crap is what I said! I distract her with flattery, and sweetness, always a good ploy on this girl who loves me for doing

such. ‘You probably would have got a lot more out of him, if you would have done what you did to me with him and on him- she said.’ Think of something - quick, I knew what she was going to ask- and I thought quickly. ‘So, what did you think of him?’ Damn it, she is nosey. Why cannot she just let this go, about me and him, and what I must do. ‘I doubt that Merry.

Come on… Like, he accessible you a job. Given that I imposed this on you at the last minute, you did very well then.’ She glances up at me speculatively. I make a hasty retreat into the kitchen.

‘You, fascinated by a man, more than me and what I have to give and gave

you. That is a first,’ she snorts, you give me more than what I boy can. She rolled her eyes at me. ‘He's very driven about what he wants in life unlike you, you have no drive to do extortionately, yet unlike you here is controlling, and arrogant with me - scary really, how overpowered he is… but very alluring. I can understand the fascination,’ I add truthfully, as I peer ‘round the door at her hoping this will shut her up finally. I started gathering the makings of a sandwich so she cannot see my face, as I walk to the counter, there all no walls, everything is see-through glass, even the bathroom is open to the world outside.

‘Why, did you want to know if your gay or not, incidentally, that was the most embarrassing question, I am not I just love you’re for you get me, I was mortified.’ I scowl with my nose wrinkling at the memory of seeing this in my eyes passing by like a movie clip- like It was so-o embarrassing. The whole thing was uncomfortable.

I'm glad I'll never-ever-ever- have to lay eyes on him again.’

‘Oh, Marry Sue, it can't have been that bad- yah no. he sounds quite taken with you, like lovey and shit.’ Taken with me, what does that mean, now do not be ludicrous, in jumping the gun.

‘Would you like a sandwich,’ ‘ha- that all I do for you have sex with you and make you a sandwich- and do your chores.’

‘Please- and think.’

‘Yah- yah- yah- suck it she said. ‘You don’t have one or I would.’’ I said back. I curl up in my bed with her, wrapping my throw around me, that she made me in 8th grade, then I close my eyes, with her around me, and I am instantly asleep, could he do this for me I thought before the lights went out. That night I dream of dark places, loss, and death, and sadness.

7

For the rest of the week, I throw myself into my studies and my shitty ass job that sucks hairy balls.

Katie is busy too do her and, compiling about her last publication of her student in the schools weekly, E-paper; before she must surrender it to the new editor while also shoving for her finals. Damn, but that girl was in the wrong place at the wrong time in the wrong century with her work life, you stay home back in the 2,000's and play with yours back then, not these days, where a girl wants to be independent.

By the time I finish, its midnight, and Katie has long since gone to bed. I

made my way to my room, exhausted, but pleased that I have accomplished so much on a Monday. She is bored and wants something to occupy her time, but she has the attention span of a guppy. It will be something new next week.

So, I call my mom using my mind as a phone, to check on her, but also so she can wish me luck for my final exams. She proceeds to tell me about her latest venture into pot making and art- that so bad she cannot put it into words. My mother is all about new business ventures that are flopping.

Katie- By Friday, she is much better the day before I felt, and I no

longer must endure the sight of her PJs, which should have just stayed off. We did not talk all that much more that evening, to my relief. Once we have eaten, I am able to sit at the banqueting table with Marry and, while she works on her article, I work on my essay about the Holocaust.

Merry- hard to chat, think about how- leaving her behind was wrong in her mind- I hesitate, and I have Mom's full attention. She, my mother that is worried about me- being young and small and what man can do to me. She wants me to be with the girl, not someone that only there to take… I hope she has not

mortgaged the household to finance this latest organization.

‘I'm fine,’ I said. Do you need money, honey? You worry me.’

‘No- I want to do this on my own.’ ‘You sure’ - ‘Mom, I'm fine just leave it alone.’

It is a brief conversation; it is even hard to get done with. It is not so much so a conversation as kicks my guts and make me grunt in response to my gentle sweet-talking of not be mean, Its Friday night, Katie and I are debating what to do with our evening, other than bedtime, - we want some time away from

the studying also, and from our working too hard for less than a $1. 50 an hour, and from student newspapers, that only pays 50 cents a word, and that is if it passes the editor.

Sometimes, I marvel and am curious about the thoughts of if there is something wrong with me. I have spent too long in the company of my literary romantic book or cracking my brainwriting, or gutting on out rubbing it, and consequently my ethics, and opportunities are far too high. Nonetheless, in realism, nobody has ever made me feel like that, by her- yet he could too- maybe? Saturday at the store is

a nightmare. And the days keep rushing by without any other's thoughts of him or her… what to do?

8

I am engrossed in the task of redoing what was done right in the first place, read-through the items I need to have said in the right ways, and the items I sure I know have missed that were there, my eyes are flicking from the order E-book that I have from the past on proficient writing, to the computer screen and back as I check the entries match.

Then, for some motive, I glance up… and find myself locked in the bold

gray gaze of Chiaz who is standing at the counter of my home as a hologram to look into me doing what it is I am doing he can do this at any time look into me, staring at me intently, with lust in his eyes even if it is just a simulation. My heart failure fasts- knowing what is next, sex- with him not there but in my body, he is.

‘Merry… What a surprise, I said walking to my dad her, I lay down for him to the movie through me.’ His gaze is firm and intense, and the moment happens fast. Holy crap…!

‘He said my name,’ In a mutter. ‘What can I help you with, RICHARD C. MAST?’

‘RICHARD C. MAST,’ I whisper at the start, because that is all I can Marry him as not my lover yet. What is he doing here looking at me this way with my messy hair and nude boy standing here, my mouth has dropped open- like my legs and vagina for him, and I cannot locate my brain or my voice, for sighing too much? There is a ghost of a smile on his lips and his eyes are alight with humor as if he is enjoying some private joke.

‘I was in the area,’ he says by way of exploration. ‘I need to stock up on a few things. It’s a pleasure to see you again and feel the insides of you in thought out, Miss Mary Sue.’ His voice is

warm and dry like milk melted chocolate fudge on ice-cream all melty... or something like that- mmm.

My heart is pounding a frantic, and for some reason, I am blushing furiously under his steady inspection of being perfect in every way possible. He smiles, and again it is like he is privy of some big secret.

My reminiscences of him did not do him justice, in this dim light, He's not simply good-looking - he is the epitome of male exquisiteness, magnificent, I shake my head and take my wits of the dead and prowls, I was humming yet I was with his body and mind with my eyes tight.

9

Finally, my intellectual functions are restored and re-joined with the rest of my body. I am utterly thrown by the sight of him standing before me, and he is here in my always now. Even at the Store, I feel him.

Go figure…? It is so disconcerting the way I feel after also this being his little salt, yet I want it so bad. Taking a deep breath, I go down on him hard, one more I said it is fine, I put on my professional life out of my mind to be with him.

I have worked hard today so maybe this is okay. he murmurs, his blue eyes cool but smiling like mine. I mutter, my voice soft and wavy moving in my mind. Get a grip, I said, after a half-hour or so my legs are abruptly the uniformity of Jell-O. I am so eager, I decided to wear my best jeans this morning to work just to show him that I love to look this way for him to see through me, like looking into the glass shingling back in his stare, of mine, I try for indifference as I come out from behind the counter, but I am concentrating hard on not falling over my own feet.

My voice is a little too bright, walking ‘around the story today. I glance up at him in regret, yet it is only me that knows he there like, it almost immediately. Damn, he is handsome. I blush, looking downward… and the others in my day have no idea what has happened to me. Acting nuts… ‘After you,’ he murmurs in my head site, gesticulating with his long-fingered, gorgeously manicured hand. With my heart almost throttling me to the point of crazy - because it is in my throat trying to escape from my mouth like he is trying to get out of me from down under.

His fingers trail across the various packages displayed that I have done on the shaving, like the same can be said the way he is touching his fingers over my lips, face, and hair, and for some incomprehensible reason, I must look away for all in the store and close my eyes tightly for my little girlfriend to release. He bends and selects a packet.

'These will do simply fine this way he said to me looking over my job that is not where I want to be,' he says with his oh-so-secret smile within me, and I blush, and he finds me to be sweet and cute. 'Nope, it was so revamping,' he says quickly then smirks and it shows all over

my face, and I have the uncanny feeling that he is laughing at me, for shacking it out so hard, in public. And the boss knows it, yet that is the first week dating play-no?

Why, why? -Would this beautiful, powerful, urbane man want to see me? No way can I see it! I dismiss it immediately for feeling like this on the job. I asked, and my voice is too high in my thoughts, he gets me like I have my finger trapped the head site mic too hard. Damn! Try to be cool, Marry Sue!

He gazes at the selection of tops and undies, that I have places nicely in their lines, what on this Earth is he going

to do with those, I cannot picture him as a do-it-yourselfer at all, doing woman's work like this… I flush at my foolish wayward thoughts. 'All part of your feed-the-world plan?' I tease… in a dirty thought of what happening when I get home.

'Something like that,' he acknowledges, and his lips quirk up in a smile showing on my face. 'Is there anything else, I need to do I said to my boss at the store?' 'I'd like to see you do your job faster without daydreaming. Go home… I do not even want to look at you. You're a waste of my time.' 'Are you

redecorating?’ The words are out before I can stop them.

Surely, he hires laborers or has the staff to help him decorate? I glance behind me as he follows, always in my mind now- even going into the girl’s room, Am I that funny, I said shyly or Funny looking down there? Ha- he said- just keep being you! And I give that look of confusion…?

…?...

Blink- Blink-

-Hair shaking out-

-Ponytail left to go- hair flap over right shoulder-

‘This way,’ I murmur uncomfortably about the way I look.

‘Have you worked here long; he is teasing me with- dumb…’

His voice is low and soft make me feel well wet, and he is gazing at me, with blue soulful eyes concentrating hard like his dick sliding inside me, for the first time the days before. I blush even more brightly.

Why does he have this significance to me? Changing into a dress and of uniform- that now gross- cover in girly-ness. I feel like I am threatening years old down there and in here and

there too - awkward, as always, and out of place is everything about me. My eyes drop, yet he must look me up and down!

‘One week,’ I mutter as we reach our goal, of me, feel good with him in all places. To distract me from being his lover, I reach down and select the two widths apart and let him go to town on my clit, at this point I could have the world give to me for him doing so. It is zapping through me like I have touched an exposed wire, it comes out, which I pass to him too in the feelings also. Our fingers brush very briefly in handholding and mind kissing, and the current is there again, I gasp my boobs and he can feel it

in his hands-like unwillingly as I feel it, all the way down to somewhere dark, and unexplored even with my eyes still tight, deep in my belly I feel this rush.

Very much, I scrabble around for my symmetry- as I know the cameras in the bathroom has gotten it all on a video puck (aka thumb drive.) Yet all they see is me having fun with myself- yet the one that looks over this all get it- yet not my boss for now. ‘Anything else I said as he dresses me through my body?’ My voice is dry and breathy, own like my body. His eyes widen slightly in mine.

‘This way to the door I said.’ I duck my head down, as I pass all the

snacking girls, I work with like I try to hide my recurring blush, and head for the aisle out of the store, to a floating lot of cars folded up. (The poor girl- said the old lady-looking over it all.)

I halt at his expression going to my car that is just lower my way like a cab, his eyes deepening shad in mine. Color fading like… trembling, yet again his fingers now deep inside me on the drive home, I feel like such a slut- yet I must have it- even if I was good.

This boy will not stop… Quickly, with, I measure aware that his hot I gaze back into my mind of him wanting all of

me. I dare not look at him like a little girl, yet I cannot help it he is my first.

Holy- jizz'n jeez, could I feel, like any more self-conscious, about me being me, done… the back pocket of my jeans is my Id to get into my home, by some miracle, I remember to bring it along this time- I Marry not to remove a finger away for my real age, of how I jumped four years in high school for being smart.

Why must I feel like a little girl… yet he is making me a woman.

10

I know by the end of this year that he and I, we have c*med in each

other’s body or through each body by concentration manipulation of thoughts 2,165 times.

(Forward one year)

I must not sleep with it wet, yet just I live life too fast and too young to care, I must not sleep with it wet. I am trying to brush my hair into submission. I am mopping with frustration at myself in the mirror for sucking hard at everything… and yes even that too. Damn my hair to hell for sucking more than that also. I should be studying and going to school for the day, for my final exams, which are less than a year and a week away, my only option is to confine my

naughty hair in a pigtail after, yet another long night of him pounding me, and hope that I look semi-presentable, when I can even if as if I can walk out the door.

Katie is huddled on the couch in the living room doing her, I ignore my pang of unwelcome sympathy for doing what I want to do all day too. You should get back to bed and be with me all day piss on the school she said. Would you like some Nyquil or Tylenol, to get knocked out?' 'Nyquil, please, as I spend some time with her until she passed out, and then, I leave her clingy hug as she is laying on our bed and go to school.

‘Okay, I’m going. Get back to bed with me she said. I made you some postage to heat up later.’ I stare at her fondly as if she were my one and only lover. I cannot believe that I must do all this for you like your mom, I have let Katie talk me into this also like a mom, only for you, I, would I do this for, being your bitch and shit! She said, gathering my book bag, she smiled, then headed out the door to the car, she is articulate, solid, influential, argumentative, yet lovely words, and on like the girl she would become in the days to come - and she is my dearest, dearest friend. But then Katie can talk anyone into anything. Good luck she said handing me the re-

right of my paper for class. She will make an exceptional journalist that I am not. Making notes, I am not the best at it at all, yet, I want to be someone someday, so pinning text and more of it.' Rising terror within me on a half-hour now late for first class.

'The questions will be racing in my mind, of what to say to cover my ass. Going now. It's a long drive- that I don't have to do- yet I don't want you to be late for what I don't need to live.' You're my lifesaver for editing I said.' 'Why do I put everyone ahead of myself, be so nice, try so hard and become the person that gets hurt the most? What can I do? I have gone

through 8 or 9 years with no real friend no best friend nothing. just people who are assholes that I am stuck seeing every day, why? The most compassionate people in the world the people who are truly kind, who are truly considerate-also have the best boundaries. If you do not have and assert personal boundaries, you will not feel respected or be compassionate towards people after a while.

That does not sound like it makes sense. But here is the thing: Compassion means seeing the best in others. It means empathizing with their struggles and looking for what is good in them. To do that healthily, you must be secure enough

in yourself and your own identity that you do not lose your identity in theirs. If you try to empathize without having good personal boundaries, you become the perfect victim- easy to manipulate, easy to control, easy to discard...'

~*~

What I see-

Tell the truth, everyone hates you.

Tell a lie and you do not have a support team.

Tell the truth, you will be forsaken.

Tell a lie, it is history in the making.

Have others there and its dreaming

Have others In- you are- life and their hands are not worth shaking.

Live or lie we are all going to die so why try?

‘Yes,’ I croak and clear my throat. I roll my eyes at myself. Get a grip, I said. Judging from the building, which is too clinical and modern my apartment is all white elegant, ‘Yes..’ I take off my jacket?’ ‘Oh please, let it all stop.’ I struggled out

of the jacket, knowing what to come more off him ran down and thought of me.

‘Merry! I thought you were not going to make it today, to all your classes at school. You did not why?’ It did not take as long as I thought, to not have thought. I can do a couple of hours overtime to make up for it. I said to my teacher that I did not care either way.’

‘I’m pleased to see you, he said though…’

When I arrive home later, Katie is wearing my headphones and working on my laptop, she is absorbed and typing furiously. I am thoroughly drained -

exhausted by the long drive, I slump on to the couch after, thinking about the essay, I must finish and all the studying, I need to do just to suck, I have not done anything notable today, before it starts, because I was holed up with… he wants all of me and more, like a story that has not to be written.

I flush, and my heart rate inexplicably increases with him being with me always. ‘You’ve got some good stuff here, Merry. Well, done. I cannot believe you did not take him up on his offer to show you around, more said the one girl that I got to do half of all my work- so really, I must do is keep him

happy. He wanted to spend more time with you, that's why I am here, she said.' She gives me a fleeting questioning look; says you go home with him now. That was not the reason, surely, I started her I thought, but okay?

He just wanted to show me around, the new home that he had redesigned just for you and your taste in color and style, I realize I am biting my lip, and that drives him crazy, and I hope Katie does not notice, this was her thing too. But she seems absorbed in her transcription, to do so. 'Um… no, I didn't, just do that for her with him think it was for her not him and maybe be it was just

for her- woo.' I flush up, to the thoughts of having 2 lovers running through my mind like a moon jet, in the sky going from mars to earth in less than a day.

'Oh, come on, Marry - even you can't be immune to his looks said Katie in my mind, I think she what to play with him using my mind also... ha and he loves it- it's a 3 way in the brain- of two young girls and one older man that can't do anything incorrectly.' I lost in thoughts of thinking of her, and she arches a perfect, for me with her soft warm body showing in soft light, in her and 'I's' room, also arching an eyebrow at me, as he is using me and my body as if she is me… you and

she- and, not me- but she is overriding me… and my movements. ‘I hear what you mean about formal sound, via you- she cute and young and what I want for fun. Did you take any notes on what I did here to make him ask for more?’ she asks.

‘That is fine, I said I well you mind to speech weighting, I know it’s like shorthand- and glitchy yet I can get the notes I need on pleasing him- to the most. And my readers for work… all at the same time, I can still make a fine article with these thoughts on how to be right for a guy like him. Shame we do not have some unique calms, of how a man can be with 2 -16-year-old is these days without think of

marriage. Good-looking son of a bitch isn't he, she said to me- blocking off his pathway in thought.'

'I suppose he is I love you though- yet but this way we can all be to gather, and no one gets it- and even so, it's a story, and what will they say, why care? We are okay with this, why not the world.' I try hard to sound disinterested- in only wanting one to love now and always, yet I cannot make up my mind to what I want, and I succeed at being a slut. 'You probably would have got a lot more out of him, if you would have to don't it like this- and she shows it in her thoughts to me- all sexy in her ways.'

‘I doubt that Merry, Crappie! I said I distract her with flattery actions, always a good ploy, as I make her love me more, damn, she is inquisitive.

Think of something - quick, to make them both feel what the need, ‘So what did you think of him, my mother gets on this now and asked?’ I have like five voices in my crazy had rolling around. - he practically offered you a job, yes, I said- saying GET OFF- GET ME OFF- SAID KATTIE over and over, and the old lady downstairs was calling the police officers! Katie just loooovesss my mom… She glances up at me speculatively. I make a hasty retreat into the kitchen to

get to the wall screen to call and say there are no issues here not to come, that just us playing around.

The girl officer looking now down on the whole run using the wall 4d tv screen that is cover, a fool to ceiling, was not impressed with us, to say the least- Come on Given that I foisted this on you at the last minute, you did very well.' This is an override of safety and privacy- they have the right to do this even if nude/ or having sex/ or shoring the cum off your body/ in your own home… it is to be safe, they can record video and sound when they feel the need for the law.

Kattie snorts, at the dumb of how this all went down. Why can’t she just let this go, and go back to playing with herself, as they all do in their indented force, of A-holes under their desks? What was that she said yah- sue me- she said, as the girlie cum runs down her leg as she yells get out of here, get out of my room, this is not right.

‘She’s very driven, controlling, arrogant - scary having this girl look all up and down me in her hologram inspection to see if we were okay or not, it’s what they have to do, to make sure you’re not dying, they only send someone if you're already dead. I can understand

the charm she is giving her for being in our room unwanted for an old ass that needs to kick,' I add truthfully, as I peer 'round the door of the bathroom, that I am now in, know that everything is seen thought and or glass in this home like them all, hoping this will shut her up finally, saying we just having girl on girl sex- God, go be somewhere else. I scowl at the memory of this the last time it happened. Can the old bitch just freak die, I said loudly? AWWWAH!

11

'You, fascinated by a girl? He said at first when you were 12.' I see first love…? I start gathering the makings of a

sandwich, I am his yet living with her still, Incidentally, that was the most embarrassing question I have ever had too indoor. I was embarrassed, of all the slideshow of what we did as kids be shown for all to see at his workplace, saying I was the one… and he was pissed to be asked if I was a virgin.'

Yes, you can see the dildo freaking of them at 12, here in this clip said the one man too eager- too eager. I would say so at 16 and into girls- one said, why here? That thought was the same in my mind also. Why Me…? 'Whenever she's was in the society pages, she never has a dated it said.' 'It was

embarrassing nonetheless to see myself shown in that light and full color on the big screen in the boardrooms of the school and at his workplace- no privacy for a girl like me. The whole thing was embarrassing. I'm glad I'll never have to lay eyes on him again.' 'Oh, Merry, it can't have been that bad, she said holding me in my bed crying over it all. He sounds quite taken with you, she said- and so did mom- like I was a baby all over again.' Taken with me…? Now Katie's being ridiculous about this too. I cried… 'Would you like another sandwich?'

'Please…' For a moment, I hesitate, and I have Mom's full attention.

‘I’m fine.’ ‘No, Mom, it’s nothing. You’ll be the first to know if I do.’ ‘Merry, you need to get out more, honey. You worry me.’ I curl up in my white iron bed, wrapping my mother’s quilt around me, and the one she made for me too, I close my eyes, and I instantly fall asleep. That night I dream of dark places, lost in the time of the pass with her and her blue eyes looking into mine.

~*~

By Monday and by the time I finish, it is midnight now Tuesday, and Katie has long since gone to bed. I made my way to my room, exhausted, but pleased that I’ve proficient so much for-a.

We talked no more of RICHARD C. MAST that always there - that evening, much to my relief, all the arguing was over. Once we have eaten, she and I just crashed for some time, I am able to sit at the dining table with Katie and, while she works on her article, I work on my essay for school for lit. Damn, I hate this with a passion.

By Wednesday, she is much better, yet I am still in my PJs for Monday. For the rest of the week, I do even change them, or my sheets on the bed, why? I throw myself into my studies and my job of being whatever… however- whenever he wants it, however- whenever- why-ever and forever. I called my mom to check on

her, for I was too mean, and so she could wish me luck for my final exams.

She worries about me.

Katie is busy too, compiling the last edition of her student magazine, which I am sure no one will read. Drama- drama- drama. It is a brief conversation with my mom before I want to rip my hair out. Later that evening, I call, my stepdad, that is dating a girl younger than me- just to see if he has not been kill by a terrorist, yet he is dating her so… yah. It is Friday night, Katie and I are debating what to do with our evening- we want some time out from student newspapers, our studies, and from our work.

‘That is amazing - congratulations, Katie said reviewing it in her mind!’ Delighted for him to be with her right, I hug him again in my mind and get off the line. Katie beams at him too, saying you could have had me. Why is it when I go out, I always feel trembly at the knees, heart-in-my-mouth, butterflies-in-my-belly, and come home with sleepless nights, yet even with her. Sometimes I wonder if there is something wrong with me. Do you think there is?

Why is he so interested in me, and not them it keeps going through my mind? I need more E-books- ‘Oh, you know, locked out of having too many. The

usual… well, have to do-The classics. Of US literature, primarily.' He rubs my chin with his long index finger, but it is mine, and thumb as he contemplates my answer to more stories under his name on my E-reader. Or he is just very bored and trying to hide it when I am reading too long- or he likes that too much about me. those fingers on that face are so enticing. 'Anything else you need? Before I sign-off…' 'I don't know- um- like- you to be in my life.' What else would you recommend?' You must find out what you want.

He smirks, and then he raises an eyebrow, amused, yet again, for crying

over a dumb story. He nods, with wicked humor, and amusement with me being me. I flush, and my eyes stray from the text. I reply softly, and I know I am no longer screening gazing, what is coming out of my mouth, is frustration. ‘You wouldn’t want to ruin your clothing, by not washing them.’ I gesture, ambiguously in the direction of the overstuffed washer- surging my shoulder’s. ‘I could always take them off- I said.’ ‘Cute’ what his thought…?

12

‘Um…’ I feel the color of pink in my cheeks increasing yet another time. I must be the color of the communist

manifesto. Stop talking. Stop talking NOW. Heaven forbids I should ruin any clothing, that you got for me,' he says matter-of-factly. He ignores my inquiry of me rolling my eyes to that too. 'How's the article coming along?' He knows yet still questions me about it. I try and dismiss the unwelcome image of him without his underwear on.

I grasp it tightly with two hands like I was holding his, and I go for honesty, about my feelings. 'Do you need anything else?' He has finally asked me a normal question about us, and he starts doing cute things like only he can, the confusing of double talk… with Katie is a

question I can answer, of the fact I love him now more than her.

-Raises an eyebrow, I investigate my mind to feel all of him.

‘I’m not writing it, Katie is, My roommate, she’s the writer. She is incredibly happy with it. She’s the editor of the magazine, and she was devastated that she couldn’t interview in person.’ I feel like I have come up for air - at last, a normal topic of conversation. ‘Her only concern is that she doesn’t have any original photographs of you.’

‘What sort of photographs does she want?’

Okay I said, I had not factored in this response. I shake my head because I just do not know how to say to her that I want her to back off, yet she is the one making me look to the world. Tomorrow, perhaps… I will come out and say it' he trails off the line.

'I want you to do a photoshoot naked for me?' My voice is squeaky again, and I said yes for the world to see and for me to love you more. He said, Katie, will be in seventh heaven when she sees me like this if I can pull this off. And you might see him again tomorrow, that dark place at the base of my brain whispers seductively at me. I dismiss the thought -

of all the sill-y-ness, ridiculous… whys I going to be spared open on the screens for all to see my goodies.

‘Katie will be delighted if we can find a photographer, that wants a successful conclusion like I do- ha with us all.’ I am so pleased, I smile at him broadly, with the outcome of all the shots. He has taken a sharp intake of breath, not remembering to let it out, for some time, and he blinks over and over to say she is all mine. For a fraction of a second, I was wondering what, and then it turned out to be sweet, he looks lost somehow, and the Earth shifts slightly on its axis, the tectonic plates sliding into a new position.

‘Let me know about tomorrow if you want to go around the world with me.’ Reaching into his back pocket, he pulls out his wallet, and sees. ‘My card with his to do just that. It has my number on it, of getting out of the country, and back in… You’ll need to call before ten in the morning if you want to do this.’

‘Okay.’ I grind at him. Katie is going to be thrilled, for me.

So, we did…

‘It was a pleasure to burn, burn all the words of the ones that, though they knew it all-to make others feel the same, all that was known as wisdom…

now the question shows in the people before me if they are wise or not.'

Like, I cannot tear my eyes away, for him all of him looking down then back up, from his inquiry; and I gaze blindly, down at my tired fingers. I swallow too hard... His mouth is very... distracting with those lips, hair, and eyes. It is just so right even if it is wrong.

'I want to know about you... I think that's only fair.' I lean forward to retrieve the recorder it all the good stuff- for I was not- hearing the words- lost in his charm- yet I must author the paper. He places his elbow on the arms of the chair, with his fingers in front of his

mouth rubbing his lower lip, as if it were mine. I knew his thoughts, at the time, were all about impressing me. I curl up in my white iron bed, wrapping my mother's quilt around me, close my eyes, and I am instantly asleep. That night I dream of dark places, bleak white cold floors, and gray eyes.

~*~

For the rest of the week, I throw myself into my studies and my job. Katie is busy too, compiling the last edition of her student magazine before she must relinquish it to the new editor while also cramming for her finals. By Wednesday, she is much better, and I no longer must

endure the sight of her pink-flannel-with too-many rabbits PJs.

I call my mom to check on her, but also so she can wish me luck for my final exams. She proceeds to tell me about her latest venture into candle making - my mother is all about new business ventures. Fundamentally she is bored and wants something to occupy her time, but she has the attention span of a goldfish. It will be something new next week. She worries me, and I worry about her you see. ‘How are things with you, Merry?’

One week has passed, and I am sitting in his office. For the moment, I hesitate, and I have his full attention, lost

in his eyes. ‘I'm fine I said.’ ‘Have you met someone, a man I mean?’ Why do you ask? Wow… I thought… red rushing feeling coming up my nick. How does she do that the excitement in her voice is palpable? I have a crush on the boss, ‘really my mom said- a boy?’ ‘Mom, it's nothing really- just some hot-shot.’ ‘Like- you will be the first to know, like- if I do- more then I should.’ Why sex already? NO! I just encountered this man, I not going to be all hot and heavy already… ‘Make baby’s she said…’ I want to shit myself!

Why does he have such an unnerving effect on me I asked my Ma?

His overwhelming good looks the way his eyes blaze at me. The way he strokes his index finger against his lower lip, I wish he would stop doing that. My heart is pounding.

The elevator arrives on the first floor, and I scramble out as soon as the doors slide open, stumbling once, but fortunately not sprawling on to the immaculate sandstone floor. I race for the wide glass doors, and I am free in the bracing, cleansing, damp air of New York. Raising my face, I welcome the cool refreshing rain. I close my eyes and take a deep, purifying breath, trying to recover what is left of my equilibrium.

‘You sound like a control freak.’ The words are out of my mouth before I can stop them. ‘Oh, I exercise control in all things, Miss,’ he says without a trace of humor in his smile. I look at him, and he holds my gaze steadily, impassive. My heartbeat quickens, and my face flushes again. ‘Do you feel that you have immense power?’ Control Freak.

‘Oh. I'll bear that in mind,’ I murmur, completely confounded, that she thinks I’m good enough. ‘Though I'm not sure I'd fit in with his type I said.’ Oh no, not at all like what I see him with, I am musing aloud again. ‘Would you like me to show you around?’ He asks me this… ‘I'm

sure you're far too busy, RICHARD C. MAST- Mr. Morgan, and I do have a long drive.' 'You're driving back in a week? she sounds surprised, anxious even that I may have hooked this man- in the least. I glance out of the window, running the day and him in my mind.

It has begun to rain hard. 'Well, you'd better drive carefully.' His tone is stern, authoritative. Why should he care?' Did you get everything you need?' He adds… I remember his saying that 'The pleasures have been all his well it was all mine- nothing but pleasure,' he is so polite as ever, to me makes me feel good about me being, a loser, and a freak in

every way that sucks like a girl. I drop my phone into my school bag and call it a night. My eyes narrow, on the paper, I had to write.

‘Thank you for the interview, RICHARD C. MAST Morgan was not a good ending to me; yet me saying, I had one that was happy was not good either.’ Crap…! As I rise and stands and holds out his hand to my teacher that was a dick about the fact I could write. Here is your paper I said… the man was lackluster about my attempts at wooing him.

‘Do you want the FREAKing thing or not- because- like Katie, I could be home now- play with it! The whole class

knew that this girl had- an oversexed issue of Doing the two-finger salute nonstop in class, so there are busting out… about it being okay for her and not me- they all know what happened its showing on the walls. ‘Yes- if you feel that I need to see it…’ ‘Like- that’s why I did it- dick-suck!’ I did not say it out loud- yet it was heard in his mind to his… and theirs.’ ‘Just ensuring you make it through the door, Miss to blush and feel like complete crap.’ He gives me a small smile, saying decent work here. Thanks, I say running for freedom! He is referring to my love life, more than the paper, as I run for the office. I flush up… with all of them chasing behind me, playing freak

you hard in the brain it is a game to them of back and forth.

~*~

‘‘Tell the moment I see you once more Miss.’ It seems that you are testing me, here…or a threat, I am not sure which what it is- yet. I frowned slightly. When will we ever meet again, it was asked, so-o I shake his hand once more like before, I was surprised that the strange current among us is still there?

It must be my nerves, I said and felt. ‘RICHARD C. MAST I said thanks for your time.’ I nodded at him. Moving with nimble sporty elegance to the door, he

opens it wide for me to walk through. ‘Did you have a coat?’ He asked, and the moment passed too slow yet too fast.

‘That’s so nice of you do that, him- the- RICHARD C. MAST- this man I am lusting for,’ I snap, in my moment, and his smile widens at me. I am glad you find me pleasurable, that is my joy in life having and give just that, I look angrily inwardly, walking into the entrance hall. I am astonished when he follows me out, asking for more time with me another time. I- Marry and then Olivia we both look up, likewise taken back by him asking for a date night.

‘Yes.’ Olivia leaps up and retrieves my jacket, which - takes from her before she can hand it to me. He holds it up and, feeling ridiculously self-conscious, I shrug it on. They are not all that much here for you to know about, or for me to say you need to know, I find myself flushing up yet again with him looking at me he does.

‘What are your plans after you graduate? You do not remember? I questioned, no I just wanted to see if you’re disciplined as I with saying repartition- in your speeches.’ I hope to find work with someone like you have a man that is like you, and life and some

city where I can start anew, like New York. That is if I pass all my classes and get out of the school, yet this is my final that is holding me back from getting away.

I have not made any plans- I thought about quitting, yet my mother would not hear of it, so I am here, and Kite is doing what I want to be right now. 'Gross!' So, in saying all of that I conclude that you have not made any? Right, I said shakenly… I just need to get through my final exams if I can, yet you have the say in this. 'Why do you say that…?'

I see that he turns his head to the one side, fascinated, a hint of a faint smile

playing on his lips. I hope that he did not notice my reaction, he gives nothing away, with the look that he is giving me. ‘It's obvious, isn't it- that I have fallen to his charms?’ I am clumsy, unkempt, and I am not blonde, not his type at all.

~*~

He places his hands for a moment on my lower backside. I gasp at his soft touch, his long index finger presses the button summoning the elevator, and we stand to wait - awkwardly on my part, coolly self-possessed on his.

The doors opened, and I hurried desperately to escape. I need to get out of

here. When I turn to look at him, he is leaning against the doorway beside the elevator with one hand on the wall. He is very, very good-looking. It is distracting. His burning gray eyes gaze at me. ‘Merry,’ he says as a farewell.

‘Chiaz,’ I reply. And mercifully, the doors close. No man has ever affected me the way Chiaz has, and I cannot fathom why. Is it his looks that he gives me, that I feel this power over me that I cannot control His Wealth also blows my mind, the power I do not understand my unreasonable reaction?

I breathe an enormous sigh of relief. What in heaven's name was that all

about… Leaning against one of the stone pillars of the building, I intrepidly try to calm down and gather my thoughts. I shake my head. Holy crap, I said - what was that…?

My heart steadies to its regular rhythm, and I can breathe normally again. I head for the car.

He may be conceited- I am falling to it, but then he has a right to be - he is skillful so-o much at such an undeveloped time of life. He does not agonize boobs gladly, but why should he, o'er, I am irritated that Katie did not give me a brief profile on all this- shit stuff. An involuntary shiver runs down my spine.

And Katie's questions are rushing through my head or did you or did not you have hookup sex, it was not about getting the job- oh now in today's light it is all about the sex and the money to buy anything or anyone. - ugh, I said to her- well you saw it play out did not you know it happened!

He kept my underwear- I know she said… sweet…! I shudder at the remembering swallowing him sucking him off and that too I showed and then galloped, then it ended with him kissing my body all over softly. I cannot believe I said that to her, yet she saw it sliding in me too- they all did, with this new type of video calling we have- you can see

through others… like being there without being there. As I leave the city limits behind, the building behind, and move pasted I begin to feel foolish and embarrassed as I replay the interview in my mind. Surely, I am overreacting to something imaginary.

Okay, so he is extremely attractive, confident, commanding, at ease with himself - but on the other side, he is arrogant, and for all his impeccable manners, he is autocratic and cold. Well, on the surface.

While cruising along down the highway, my mind continues to ponder the facts of what I have done slow long

hard, and yet slow, THE FREAKING WAS INSPERITY. LIP BITING, BOOB GRABBING, NIPPLE AND SUCKING CLIT LICKING SEX, AND FOREPLAY- DEEP FINGERING LOVE'N SEX. POUNDING! SWEETING- OMG MOMENTS OF GOING OFF OVER AND OVER, WITH HIM UNDER ME!

YOU CAN SEE me AND THE SHOT IN YOUR MIND RIDING HIM FROM WITH MY BUT GOING UP AND DOWN- SLIDING- GLADDING- FEELING ME IN- COMPLETELY! AH! HE IS EVERYTHING I NEED TO MAKE IT IN THIS LIFE- I WANT IT EVEN IF I HURT THE FIRST TIME! 'The sun burnt every

day. Yet it burnt away like with old ways and time. I looked up-to-the skies and thought about the ways of life.'

Truly puzzled by all that went down in me, I need this feeling and feelings to succeed in this life as a woman. A woman is nothing without her man- a man that so perfect as he is… under her. Some of his replies were so obscure, yet I loved the mystery of it all - as if he had a hidden agenda. me up now! Consistently I think of that inquiry in the future, I will cringe with blushing. Damn Katie, for not wanting me- now I must want him always!

Did I question my racing thoughts- like have you ever watched the jet cars race on the boulevard? They now drive themselves crazy to think that some used to do just that drive by hand. I sometimes think drivers do not know what grass is, or flowers, because they never-ever see them gradually... If you showed a driver a blue blur, Oh affirmatively! A blur flashing before my eyes like him naked in my mind- and Katie spared eagle last night in my face wanting me to go down- that butt is unforgettable! What can you do, all girls today are Bi? Right? It is all part of not being wed… and even so that just a piece of paper stating someone owns you, and

you lose have of what you worked for- so why do it?

I check the speedometer and see 300 mph. I am driving more cautiously than I would on any other occasion. And I know it is the memory of two penetrating it is his eyes gazing soft and sweet at me his nude body ribbing over mine, and his stern voice telling me to FREAK him, harder and harder, I want to… as the car is driving carefully fast around all the others whizzing by. Pulling at my hearing and biting my lip I go off c*mming, in just the thoughts, I realize that he is more like a man double his age, like my dad- yet I want the challenging work out of a

FREAK! Squeezed tight, body and me holding him in me… and the spraying finally takes places over and over like 30 times, switching ways of doing it- up down and sideways and more. He came to me to not pulling out one's… is that love or not caring, I do not have to care to evert there is stopped, so I do not have to worry?

Freak and be freaked in the game of life… and do not think- about it! Freaked under over and above that is it how I do it person- and they love me for it… and make you be someone… that advice to live by… said, Katie. I was 10 when I found that girl- like you all virgin

and shy… how did you get as far as you did, she said that a week ago back, well, she was right… I did need to go a little crazy… yet I may have fallen in love with it… and that not how the thing works today either. Yet that is just me- old fashioned thinking.

Be unable to remember everything blacking out in the heated moments of sex… Merry, I scold myself… snapping out of it, I decided that overall, it has been a remarkably interesting experience, but I should not abide by it. Put it behind you. I never have to see him again. I am immediately cheered by the thought. I switch on the small ear head

and player and turn the volume up loud blasting pop music, I sit back in the car as it races for my apartment where I have to then take the trail that winds up the side of the skyscraper- leading up to my room or that floor, and listen to thumping music, as I make my lover parts do the same- think about him well doing myself, as I press down on the accelerator to my sleeping room, was Kittie is looking for to cuddling with me- she and I share a bed it all we can adore- making less than a dollar a day- and need 100 just to live.

As I hit 1-5, I realize I can drive as fast as I want.

We live in a small community of duplex apartments in- Vancouver, Washington, close to the NYU campus. I am fluky -Katie's parents bought the place for her, and I pay peanuts for rent. It has been home for four years now. As I pull up outside, I know

Katie is going to want a blow-by-blow account, and she is tenacious. Well, at least she has the mini-disc. Hopefully, I will not have to elaborate much beyond what was said during the interview.

‘Merry! You're back.’ Katie sits in our and you are with me cheaters-you said to me said- yes but all that? Why not? I see… okay, she said, surrounded the

movie she was crying over not having me there for her to feel loved. She loves me yet she does not want to be in love with me- I wonder why?

She has been studying for finals - though she is still in her pink flannel pajamas decorated with cute little bunnies, that were mine, the ones she reserves for the aftermath of breaking up with her, for not want girl on girl sex as much as she wanted it, and for general moody depression of being- bitchy. She bounds me up and hugs me hard and slides them off asking me to do what I did with him on her.

To lick and stick… and feel and play with her vulva, squeeze me, and play with my nipples… she said- well she was ou-yah-ing- as I was giving her there in oral, looking for to having it back.

I was beginning to worry, that he was looking into my mind and seeing this… and me doing just this with her… am- I do not wrong?

I expected you back sooner, she said grunting it out of her, everything for the last drop was a trusting spray of her feel whipped out yet happy with everything down there.’ thank you so much for doing this, I said to her, have it

cum, yet not feel like I did in the past. I owe you; I know.

‘How was it.’

‘Good…’ I said- ‘What was he like?’ Oh, you did not feel inside you where you were looking down at me without asking to be there… you are not my girl… you do not need to be here… I know you got off with us… why? Do you want me?

Yes!

Now and always- she said.

I want him now, not you… do not blow it for me… I struggle to answer her question, of what I wanted, can I have

both… I thought she giggled… see therefore I love you. What can I say? I will always be here for you- like this- yes like this I said- you are such a baby I must be. Young, to be doing that with a man… 'I no…' Katie gazes at me arched eyebrows looking sad. I frown at her, saying you are always my first love. Hug me… 'I'm glad it's over, and I don't have to see him again, I have to, to make it in this life… wink. He was rather intimidating, you know.' I shrug at the thoughts of want more... of both in a loving way 'He's extremely focused, intense even - and young… a boy… yet not 'you,' I said- but I will go there. I thought you did it all great… interview and such all also, in the

end, it was about you have a 10-figure job someday. And you will have it, BUT would you give that all up for me and have ‘nothing’ but for me- and be with me? That is the question I have for you- do you love me?

13

(Forward)

‘Merry, hi, it’s so good to see you, back she said- that being Katie!’ She grins as he examines me at arm’s length. Then he releases me but keeps a possessive arm draped over my shoulder. I shuffle from foot to foot, embarrassed by what I have done. She gushes with loving hugs.

So how was it? I to pooped to say… and she passed out in her arms- falling in the doorways- that sild opens for her. ‘Yep, you’re looking well, Merry, really well- I see the glow in your face of what all that you two did.’

I can hardly breathe. When I glance up at RICHARD C. MAST - he is watching us like a warmonger, his blue eyes hooded and speculative, his mouth a hard-impassive line. Hurriedly, I place his purchases in a plastic carrier. Someone you should meet,’ I say, trying to defuse the antagonism I see in-’s eyes. He is changed from the weirdly attentive customer to someone else- someone cold

and distant. The atmosphere is suddenly chilly, and the fire hot, glowing and shining on her skin… she is truly feeling loved- and in love with him and her too. I nod, rendered speechless yet again, and handed back his credit card, if he loves me then I well spend- spend- spend!

There, I have admitted to myself, I love him for the money I get and feel good, about him making me feel good- good. 'Until tomorrow perhaps where I will be long for her yet once more- right?' He turns to leave, then pauses, asking me for more of what he loves of me the most, 'your ass,' said Katie- 'No my Puss!' I said back. his coming here, tonight to see me-

so you need to- well ‘get lost’ yes… if you do not mind.

‘Fine…’

‘Oh, and Marry Sue I just want to F*CK you, I read of the card to the flowers he got me- cute Katie said… reading it to using my eyes, yet her thoughts. But it is a lost cause, I have fallen to his ways, I know, and I sighed hard, with nostalgic regret, it was just a coincidence, she smiles looking at me say it all it must be young love, Okay- I like him like- like- like…? Closing the door by asking it to do just that, I spend several minutes staring into space, I cannot hide from myself my feelings anymore.

(Home)

Katie is ecstatic after she does it yourself time… ‘DIY baby D-I-Y!’

I bite my lip in anticipation and find myself grinning like a schoolchild, at the looks of her playing, her curiosity oozes through me too, with what she was just 2. 0 is what. (BUTT plug) I have never felt like this before, where I just need sleep. She more than I and she stayed home all week, yet have so much to do- papers, and stocking shelves, I find him attractive lost in my thoughts in my awareness, extremely attractive… M-mm-mm I said, softly, I can admire him from in here and it safe, surely? No harm, by

doing just so-o. And if I find a photographer, I can do some serious admiring tomorrow. I need to phone Katie and organize a photoshoot.

(Work)

I am in the depths of the stock room, I walk out holding what the little girl gave me of hers to get the same type, yes, getting underwear to little girls, is my dream job, trying to keep my voice casual- well look at these sweet little faces standing there, well standing there… (pee covered undies in my hands) with this in my butt hole. I thought this is what she must look forward to. 'That is one huge coincidence, Merry, he said

looking for the size as I say OOOO-ah ‘poopy.’ And the little girl asked, from afar- what I was making out my myself- when too much time had passed. it is a short-lived joy when she was blurting out, I want the underwire that you took off me. I mutter you want kids…

‘Sure…’

Like this one, he said… being comical about it.

He does not I want to be with you, Katie said- saying kidnap this one!

PLEASE- too cute…!

14

You don’t think he was there to see you; I walk down the hall of my school and see him standing at the end looking at me with his lusting blue eyes, wanting to cover me with kisses.’ she speculates, Katie about how he going to take me away… even as just a schoolgirl- ‘How do you know this?’ ‘Merry, I’m a journalist, and I’ve written a profile on the guy. I know that man has the power of girls to do whatever it is they want too… the kids were talking about us… me being young and his little slut as they call me, yet I do not care I have him- isn’t that all I need?

The question is, who’s here to see some dumb girls were thinking in the

dark, think they could be the next in his bed, going to do them and where and when.'

'We could ask him why- and where and how but would he- say said to the brown-haired girl, over yonder. He says he's staying the day with- 'THAT GIRL.'' 'You can contact him, all the time? ...on nosey on said to me.' 'I have his wrist phone number here all the time if I need it, they don't get how he inside me always.'

Katie gasps… by the lies I must make up to look innocent to all, even though I know, I have taken it at least

1,000 times, holy c-u-m, at the end of my joiner year.

‘The richest, most elusive, I have taken was sex-ed, with this man as an after-school program, most here are working for what he calls righting class, most enigmatic bachelor or hairstyles, or seen to be housewife’s ‘Er… yes.’ ‘Merry is not going to be one of those! He likes you, said the short girl in the room, no doubt about it, said the other with really long blonde flowing hair and green eyes.’ Her tone was emphatic when he said let us go into town and get you out of here. ‘Katie, he’s just trying to be nice.’ But she was pouting about it, that I was not going

to be there all day to hold her hand.

‘Great idea! I spoke.

(A thought of now)

He said he was glad Katie did not do the interview, that we would have never met.

(Thought)

But even as I say the words, I love you I must feel it right? That the sex said Katie, and you will know. I know they are not true- all the nasty things said by all the mean girls- RICHARD C. MAST- does not do nice, or wonderful thing for girls,’ like me- things like this if it is not love- fist.

(Back)

-And-

A small quiet voice whispers saying they all just want to be for you are the best one out of them all, do not forget it, perhaps- he is right. I hug myself with quiet glee, rocking from side to side, holding him in my mind, like a dream, I see all this… entertaining the possibility that he might like me for one brief moment- for always. Katie brings me back to the now and happening by saying your zipper is down… (zip) and her hands are on my vagina.

‘Merry, you’re the one with the relationship. What is it like to be with a boy said the girl lunch? That sits with her day in and day out not saying much.’ ‘Relationship?’ I squeak at her, my voice rising several octaves. 'I barely know the guy.’ Yet it is something you just must do to get it. So, is it true? What I said to her… you are with him… and do things… ‘Yeah, um, sorry,’ I mutter, turning to leave. I cannot say- what we do or do not do- it is confidential.

‘So, how come you know: The RICHARD C. MAST?’ Cass’s voice is unconvincingly nonchalant and wants to know it all.

This is when Katie speaks up saying everything and anything along with saying she needs to get laid- I give an odd look- when she said- 'I had to interview him for our student newspaper today and I said- 'you did the editing.' So, you can move forward, Katie wasn't well- she all is dripping from somewhere ha.' I shrug my shoulder, trying to sound casual with all the girls looking at me like I am a whore, yet not doing no- better than them- in their twisted little minds. She shakes her head as if to clear it all away.' Anyway, want to grab a drink or something and chat some over there?' Away from this gossip? 'Sure…' is what I said. I am staring out of the window at the

sun coming up and showing the first signs of light. Katie grabs the handset from me, tossing her silky-smooth reddish-blonde hair over her shoulder.

You like him, a chant started with all the girls! I have never seen or heard so, so… many girls care- about anyone before. You're blushing.' Said Katie… 'Oh Katie, you know I blush all the time, I said quickly… She blinks over and over fast, at me with surprise that I did not move or reacted to this taunting. 'I just find him… intimidating, that's all, and he's acting cool for me right now- or I am sure, I would have run out.'

‘I love you’ is what he said over and over… overtop all the haters.

(Home from HIGH school)

I am restless that night, I punch my pillow and try to settle, tossing and turning, after a short cat nap, yet I wake twice. Dreaming of him and those eyes and oh…! That body, long legs, long fingers, and dark hair and soft skin…, ‘I need to study, then I’ll make supper.’ I cannot hide my irritation with her for going too far with him, as I open one of the cubbyholes under our bed, I read a love note of dream of him, I do this while she is making supper. In the night- holding her, my heart pounding, knowing

what is going on two girls on man- who does he love more?

15

Free of charge for the morning in exchange for a credit in the article, said Katie, I do this for the love by you. When she- explains at the reception that I have writing yet bad- spelling, she said to- RICHARD C. MAST - RICHARD C. MAST, we are instantly upgraded have her on our time- yes? She is terribly young and extremely nervous for some reason, yet if you want to have this way then if he said, it is fine. We have half an hour to set up, for the day out, Katie is in full flow, working on her work and not going to

school… funny how life works…? I thought…

5 P. M

My mouth goes dry looking at him… he is so freaking hot. Holy Crap He is wearing a white shirt, open at the collar, and - dress pants, I disruptive hair is still damp from a shower, for what took place after the school day was at its end. His eyes watch me impassively. He then extends his hand, ‘Thank you for taking the time to do this.’ …and I shake it like I am one of his men on the job, blinking rapidly, to see if anyone see us out and bout, Oh my… I thought, he really is, quite… is he liking her more now- wow?

As I touch his hand, I am aware of that delicious current running right through me, lighting me up, making me blush, and I am sure my erratic breathing must be audible. Katie who comes forward, looking him squarely in the eye, said I am coming on this date tonight. How do you do?' He said- to her kissing her hand and her ass all at the same damn time… He gives her a small smile, looking genuinely amused, as to what was under the dress.

I remind myself that Katie has been to the best private schools. 'I trust you're feeling better?' 'Yes, yes I do…' 'I'm fine, also running it into his head fist

that he ALL MINE! She shakes his hand firmly, AND HE HUGES HER NOT ME! SHIT! without batting an eyelid, HOLD ON TO HIS ARM.

Backstory- Her family has like no money, and she is grown up confident, about her ass and how to use it at an early age, and I am sure of her place in the world- is sitting at home diddling no more. She does not take any crap, so why him? I am in awe of her, for trying to break us up, so-o she has all of me back- I can see through her plans. She gives him a polite, professional smile like a gay girl would.

‘It’s a pleasure,’ he answers, that is all it is about with me and find it, turning his gaze on me, and I flush up again, feeling-

lovesick, damn it why when I have this, I feel I going to lose it…? ‘Where would you like me?’ - Asks him. His tone sounds vaguely threatening. But Katie is not about to let me run the show for five. My wish has come true: she said, I can stand next to you, and admire you and not - from not-so-afar. Twice of my eyes lock deeper into her, and I must tear myself away from his cloudy gaze, of wanting to freak the shit out of her.

(Bar)

`He stands, Katie wades in again. ‘Enough sitting.’ I removed the chair, for some slow dancing. ‘Great,’ says Katie, I find a bonnier to bang down- when a fast song comes on… ‘Thank you again, Mr. for your time. He said- ‘I look forward to reading the article that you re-told, Miss Katie,’ he murmurs in a sexy way. As I- Merry- pull him to dance. ‘Sure,’ I say, completely thrown, yet I do not need him doing the same. I glance anxiously at Katie, who shrugs at me. Yelling has fun, as she finds her way over to the wall to be a flower. My heart slams, my mouth dry and my lower-ness not so-o much.

Yet am I in love?

-Or is it all just dumb freaking lust, or just freaking?

16

A date? RICHARD C. MAST - is asking me on a date tonight I said to- my girlfriend Katie. He is asking if you want a coffee, this was said to me I see it in my memory of the day that just passed. He thinks you have not woken up yet- to see that it was all not a dream that he is falling for her, my subconscious whines at me in sneering in my mood again. I clear my throat trying to control my nerves, yet I cannot.

Katie- this man said- ‘Are they based at the university?’

Know I live with her- he looked at me oddly, about saying that. The other couple with us asked, their names escape’ me, yet I could dig it up if I wanted too, his voice was soft, a young businessperson that was part of the team higher up and inquiring. I nod, too stunned to speak, Taylor was his name, I found the clip to look at it and think about all the things that were said so fast I could not evoke them all.

‘Mr. Taylor, as he asks me if I want a drink- sure is what I said, and a dace- and I said- ‘yes,’ but my mind was

on him- yet- this man reached for me, and I have to say yes, I was obligated, giving nothing away, about how I feel. I look at him like there was magic in my eyes yet there was not. But he was sweet so… yah.

He smiles at me, and it is a dazzling one, unguarded he said- to me, I said Nah drop out- natural he said, all-teeth-showing, glorious smile, of college?

No *high school*… Oh, my… he said. I scoot around him to enter the bathroom, where I find Marry deep discussion with him- they were in a stall together getting it on.

‘Merry, he likes you, I said as the pants were at their feet.’ Be sure to be a condom- ha you can go now- she said fast. ‘But I don’t trust him, you know that’ she adds. I raise my hand in the hope, it hits her in the face, that she will stop dirty talking. By some miracle, it does. Her mouth pops open and it slides in. Speechless Katie is! I savored the moment, seeing I was so happy for her. I love her, yet I want her to be happy you see.

(160 long seconds have passed)

She purses her lips as if considering my request. Finally, she fishes for him. She grabs me by my arm,

holding the door open some say get in here, be with him too now, and drags me into the bedroom where it goes down fixed, that is off the living area of the suite, in this ice bar in New York.

Her tone is full of warning.

At the elevators, he presses the call button, and the bell rings almost immediately. The doors slide open revealing a young couple in a passionate clinch inside.

Merry- there is something about him, that is just driving me crazy- lost in thoughts… and feelings- of what could be.

‘He’s gorgeous, I agree, but I think he’s dangerous. Especially to someone like you. She said…’ ‘What do you mean, someone like me?’ I demand, affronted. ‘An innocent like you, Merry. You know what I mean,’ she says a little maddened.

I flush up turning pink. I’m starting my exams this week, and I need to study, so I won’t be long- it’s time to go ‘like now’ I said hurriedly.’ Fixing up as a young girl walks in, asking if everything was cool.

17

‘Katie- it’s just coffee, I said to Merry- he said- I want to take you out what do you say he said to me. And… he looked at me with wonder…

He grins at me with hope in the eyes of a night that he would not forget all given by me I sure, and with his money, I was sure to do whatever he wanted. It’s now tomorrow and at night- ‘I’ll see you later, then… yes most defiantly. Don’t belong, I said to her… or I’ll send out search and rescue.’ ‘Thanks.’ I hug her, I with your boys so you know him he will be right to me… I was so pissed, why her… yet is that okay?

He stands up straight, holding his hand out for me to go first, were had a date with a horse drawing carriage, all white, and nice and romantic at dusk.

Where he held my hand and whispered sweet nothings in my ear. Holding me over so nicely…, I flushed beet red. ‘Okay, let us do coffee, here and it was the best restart in town… and the classiest- the name in French so yah see for yourself.’ In my eyes, it was Queue weed I said yet that was without glasses on. That was something a failed like- in high school.

I emerge from the suite to find RICHARD C. MAST - waiting, leaning up

against the wall, looking like a male model in a pose for some glossy high-end magazine.

Merry- after being with him all do, I am pooped, I murmur I make my way down the corridor, my knees shaky, my stomach full of butterflies, and my heart in my mouth thumping a dramatic uneven beat. I am going to have coffee with RICHARD C. MAST, and I hate coffee… but- she ran off with my man!

‘Sucking tit shit!’ I spoke!

We walk together down the wide hotel corridor to the elevators. What should I say to him? My mind is suddenly

paralyzed with apprehension. What are we going to talk about? What on Earth do I have in common with him? His soft, warm voice startles me from my reverie. I REMEMBER BACK- OF The doors opening and, much to my surprise, - takes my hand, clasping it with his long cool fingers. I feel the current running through me, and my already rapid heartbeat hurries. As he leads me out of the elevator kissing my neck and lips softly, we can hear the suppressed giggles of the couple erupting behind us. - grins from all around, yet we did not care it was lusting love.

‘How long have you known Marry - Katie Oh, an easy question for starters… I thought… ‘Since our 1st year of schooling. She’s a good friend of mine, don’t break her heart.’ Why don’t you say anything but look at this- wow?

I am struggling to maintain a straight face, so I gaze down at the floor, feeling my cheeks turning pink. Surprised and embarrassed, by the fact I thought it was for me I was like shit, I started to feel guilty. Then, I step into the elevator, feeling like I want to be her.

‘What is it about elevators?’ he mutters, thoughts of true love… about her. When I peek up at them using my

mind phone to see into their thoughts - through my lashes and their eyes, he has a hint of a smile on his lips of what he plans to give me, but it is extremely hard to tell if he is being real about it.

As a young couple, I say nothing, and have nothing in that say anyway- and we travel down to the first floor, all in the same body's- me as Katie is embarrassed silence-less for she in me full.

18

Katie- Outside, it is a mild May on a Sunday. The sun is- shining and the traffic is light. - turn left and stroll to the corner, where we stop waiting for the

lights at the pedestrian crossing to change. He is still holding my hand. I am in the street, and RICHARD C. MAST - is holding my hand. We cross the expansive, bustling lobby of the hotel toward the entrance but - avoids the revolving door, and I wonder if that is because he would have to let go of my hand.

I attempt to smother the ridiculous grin that threatens to split my face in two. I feel giddy, and I tingle all over… for the good buy sex, yet we wanted each other- badly- no one has ever held my hand. Try to be cool, Merry, my subconscious implores me. The green man appears, and we are off again.

‘I’ll have… um - Breakfast with tea, bag out, talking about all that to over the fact he was to spend his life with her as me being his sideways bitch out the side and you know what I’m okay with that.’ He raises his eyebrows.

‘Why do not you choose a table, while I get the drinks. What would you like?’ he asks, polite as ever. We walk four blocks before we reach the NY Coffee House, where - releases me to hold the door open so I can step inside. ‘The coffee was good? Cram-y like I was for him… at midnight.’ ‘I’m not keen on coffee, yet I like this.’

His smiles- OH MY GOD! For a moment, I am stunned, thinking it is a blandishment, but fortunately my unconscious kicks in with pursed lips. As I lay naked on his bed in the hotel room that he owns- I stare down at my knotted fingers, think about how I the other girl.

'Anything to eat?' I surreptitiously gaze at him from beneath, and my lashes point upward at him as he stands there looking down at me with low light on and the skyline in the background flicking lights, of tall buildings, I could watch him all, think about how I was not sleep with her tonight.

'Sure…?'

'…**It was quiet in my mind because**…'

I bite my lip and stare down at my hands again not liking where my wayward thoughts are headed. 'No thank you.' I shake my head to see him coming at me, and he heads for me.

Do I want this I thought? Oh, my hips, once or twice he runs his long, graceful fingers through, he is tall, broad-shouldered- and slim those pants hang from his ankles… and the way his now dry but still disorderly hair, sheens in the light is so right, I just oozing for his love. So, yah wet- hmm… I would like to do that to you he said- and my mouth doped with

it. The thought comes unbidden into my mind and my face flames.

‘Penny for your thoughts, dollars for hardcore freaking?’ Yes, sign me up…! For his love…! I go crimson when the hood is pulled back by his fingers. Flaking and liking- and then sticking- ‘OH MY GOD - Freak-ING- YES!!’

‘Get down with your bad self!’

I spoke! In my thoughts… running my fingers through your hair, his going down in me, I was just thinking about and wondering if it would feel soft to touch like this always, I shake my head from the c*mming hard, and being fast, and faster

yet, and over and over. my favorite part- and part of the day, I said to him- letting out a big breath.

(Moring)

I curl up, desperately clutching the flat foil balloon and Taylor's handkerchief, and surrender myself to my grief. I fall onto my bed, shoes and all, and howl. The pain is indescribable… physical, mental… metaphysical… it is everywhere, seeping into the marrow of my bones. Grief. This is grief - and I have brought it to myself. Deep down, a nasty, unbidden thought comes from my inner goddess, her lip curled in a snarl… the physical pain from the bite of a belt is

nothing, nothing compared to this devastation.

How do they do that?

The room is so nice, all fancy, he is carrying a platter, which he sets down on the small, round, birch-veneer table. He hands me a cup and saucer, a small teapot, and a side plate bearing alone teabag labeled Breakfast' -He has a coffee which bears a wonderful leaf-pattern engraved in milk.

I wonder idly in my mind for some time. 'Your thoughts on all this?' He prompts me when I look into his eyes. He

is also bought himself a blueberry muffin, with lots of sugar on top.

Putting the tray aside, to kiss me all over even if it was all sticky like the hammer on an Underwood typewriter, he sits opposite me and crosses his long legs. Cover between my legs with soft sweet kissing, He looks so comfortable, up to me, so at ease with his body, I envy him, for I am not like that at all. Here's me, all gawky and awkward, barely able to get started to end without falling flat on my face- 'I'm selfish, impatient and a little insecure. I make mistakes, I am out of control and at times hard to handle. But if you cannot handle me at my worst, then

you sure as hell don't deserve me at my best.’

As I place the used teabag back on the side plate, he turns his head gazing enquiringly at me, with the look of hunger and thriving lust. ‘This is my favorite tea; how did you know I loved this so?’ My voice is quiet, wheezy. I simply cannot believe I am sitting opposite RICHARD C. MAST - in a coffee shop in NY. He frowns, some not too much you- it shows on his face the lines, he knows I am hiding something, and that is what I am falling for him.

I pop the teabag into the teapot and proximately fish it out again with my teaspoon.

‘I like my tea black, and weak,’ I mutter some- to him running my fingers through his her like we were longtime lovers, then he said- ‘I see, she’s your little girlfriend then, that you in-love with -Now and forever?’ I said- ‘You know you're in love when you can't fall asleep because the reality is in conclusion better than your dreams.’

She is a really- good friend of mine, that is all, and we have shared a lot. Why did you think he was my girlfriend? Now and forever.’ ‘She’s more like

family,’ I whisper, holding his body tightly with mine. A friend is someone who knows all about you and still loves you- love them if you want to? Right… it is just showing caring…?

Then the nods from him are slightly neat looking, all him, satisfied with my response, and glances down at his blueberry muffin. His long fingers deftly peel back the paper- and I watch, fascinated, looking at his dick. As he is me… all over the eye are going. Spellbound, ‘The way you smiled at him, is wonderful my girlfriend Jan said… looking into it, with her nose up my but

looking into the walls- TVs, and him at you.'

His gray gaze holds mine. I want to look away, but I am caught- him doing things I like with his butt, he is so alarming, yet everything I need. I frown and stare down at my hands again, laying on the bed, recessing thought to go through my head. I told you yesterday that I wanted you on this site how do you feel about that?'

Oh, this is getting silly, she loves you all the way, why me too. 'Why do you ask?' I want to know- 'why'- 'for I can…' he said. 'You seem nervous around other girls, yet not her or me- that works.' 'Do

you want some? Of this all the time?’ sure- they say yes to me- he asks, and that amused, secret smile is back, of I have a blond and a dark-haired girl all at the same time… Yet would he be happy with just two? I ponder the thoughts even if he could hear them…

RICHARD C. MAST- He just grinds. Darkness cannot drive out darkness: only light can do that. Hate cannot drive out hate: only love can do that. Holy crap, that is personal, I thought- to I met yesterday and the right for me. she’s not her girlfriend?’ Yah well see- when I do them both at the same time. I love this game…

(Thoughts she could not hear-)

Katie- ‘I find you intimidating.’ ‘There’s nothing mysterious about me.’ I flush scarcely think about all I could have had him just sick it in me- I mean all the riches in the world, but mentally pat myself on the back for my candor, and gaze at my hands again. I hear his sharp intake of breath.

‘It gives me some sort of inkling of what you might be thinking,’ he breathes.’ You are a secret, ‘You should find me intimidating,’ he nods as I do you. ‘You’re very honest, and blunt- about what he wants and how he wants it.

‘Please don’t look down, at me and to that to me- it hurts,’ I said to him, ‘why?’

‘Why- I don’t think you should- Why- it’s for my taking; he said… and you can’t stop it… what are you going to do about it I run you- and thought you… I glance at him, and he gives me an encouraging but wry smile.’

Unsure- feeling yet contented… in his arms.

19

I get up in the morning barking orders to my Echo Dot, and she is more than happy to do them all for me, like play

music, and get the thing going for me when I do not want to be going.

I like to see your face.' I am just nervous around you, she said right? Nope- you are not unlike any others I had… you are not the youngest either.

Oh… Me? Mysterious?

'I think you're very self-contained,' he murmurs.

Crap is what I said! 'Me, I hadn't realized I was so self-contained? 'Except when I was blushing, of course, which is often with someone like him. Have I offended you?' He sounds surprised. Not

at all… I just wish I knew what you were blushing about.

He said you can feel safe with me.' 'Do you always make such personal annotations?' 'No,' I answer truthfully, to why yet I did not want to say it was all in my mind anyway. 'He is so-o good.' I thought…

He pops a small piece of blueberry muffin into my mouth and starts and I start to chew it slowly, and he goes for a kiss, odd yet sweet, not taking his eyes off me, as he pulled back for the kisses, and as if on the indication of the fact I was all his, and I blushed.

‘I’m used to getting my way, Merry,’ he murmurs.’

In- all things.’ This is not going the way I thought it was going to go. I cannot believe I am feeling so antagonistic towards him. It is like he is trying to warn me off. ‘But you’re very high-handed,’ I retaliate quietly. Why, haven’t you asked me to call you by your first name?’

I am surprised by my audacity. He raises his eyebrows at me and, if I am not mistaken by this or how I feel, he flushes slightly too, at the sight of me and what I was about to do to him- in fiery passion.

‘I don’t doubt it, was the fact that he was thinking about her, or thinking that it was wrong. Why, why has this conversation become so serious, in his mind about her? Has he fallen in love with just her… or is this his mind overthinking things?

The next day- I am with Merry- ‘Are you into having a child?’

He asks, sure, why do you want to do that now with me, I said back, it may be a plan if you want to do this. Is that I am for your breeder…?

He walked out of the room all PISSY! Whoa… he keeps- changing my

course of life. Yet, I am not going to say not- I am- young, I do not know, um-a I what, or what I want to do. ‘Tell me about your parents, they're not much to say other than my mom has done it all.’ Why does he want to know this? Is it so dull, like a boy or a girl? The girl said.

Me- I thought that she is beautiful, my subconscious reminds me. I do not like the idea of me and Katie doing this, yet I do- I cannot help myself, I take a sip of my tea, and - eats another small piece of his muffin.

‘My mom lives in Georgia with her new husband Bob. My stepdad lives in Montesano.’

‘Your father?’ ‘Yes, what about him- he not in my life now or ever- and I want to say that way.’ ‘My father dropped me when I was a baby.’ ‘I’m remorseful for bringing that up to you,’ he mumbles, and a fleeting bothered look a-crossed his face. ‘I don’t ‘member him at all.’ ‘And your mother remarried?’

I snuffle, one time holding back the tears, of feeling lost out on. He frowns at me. ‘You could say that, but maybe it was for the best.’ So… I said to him looking down.

‘Neither are you.’ About having a dad- ‘yah…’ ‘You’re not giving much away, are you?’ …As if in deep thought,

he says,' that in a wryly, was rubbing his chin. Holy shit, 'you've interviewed me once already, why do you ask that… it's okay for you to have your nose up my ass hole, and I can recollect some quite probing questions then, why do I.' He smirks at me, saying I would do that next time then.

That is when I said that- 'My mom is wonderful, yet I have to be a grown-up at some point. She's an irredeemable romantic and has lost boyfriend's that like to skip out on her… she's currently on her fourth man this week.' I like mom there are only 7 in a week. You are more skank and Katie. 'You said that to your mom?'

‘Yep!’ He raises his eyebrows in surprise. I continue to say how- ‘I miss her, she has them now, and like always someone is more than I.

Those lips.

Those hips.

Those…

Ah!

‘Do you have a good relationship with all of them then?’ I do not bother too. She sees her own thing. ‘Of course, I thought- I just hope he can keep an eye on her and pick up the pieces when her harebrained schemes don’t go as planned.’

I grew up with all of them getting the best of her. I smile fondly at her- like was not important. I have not seen my mom for so long. RICHARD C. MAST is watching me intently, taking infrequent sips of his coffee, with more cream than dark roast. I really should not look at his mouth, long for a kiss, yet- I feel I need loving feelings. It is unsettling to think about my past that was just the night before or so it seems to me.

20

My life story, you know already by looking into my mind and using your brain- and this technology, you can see it all like a slide show just click to preview

in a menu? ‘And what is he like, not bother by any of it not even the sick frapping in the night, scaring out Katie’s name?’ I have bested sometimes 63 times in one day, I was masturbating to try to put off doing laundry. I ended up masturbating for 7 hours. I was incredibly raw and sore after, but- I guess I was 10 or so, yet I deserved it. ‘That’s it?’ - Asks, surprised, you do not think that is wrong for a girl of that age to do that- he shrugged.

What does this man expect, her for you not too? I refrain from rolling my eyes at him, yet I could not help but squeeze him tighter, harder, and longer

to understand all that is me. ‘Why didn’t you want to live with your mom…?’ He asks… and before came out of my mouth, he saw it play out in his awareness of thoughts. I cannot help but blush, this is none of his business, yet he is making it be, so he knows everything about me and so it is safe… it is like mind- rapping.

‘Siblings…?’ ‘Yes, all girls 3.’

He could see them all-the youngest no 10 or so… I do not keep up with them. There all own their own too. Yet it is the norm these days… and my little sister is in Paris, French dick suck of a boy that wants to use her up and dump her, yet that is what she wanted.’ His eyes

go cloud with irritation, on my mother's part- I said to him she fails, no? He does not want to talk about his family or himself, it all about me… yet I feel that it all the same.

'I hear Paris is lovely for young lovers why not let her- my mom said,' I murmur the quotes run past my mind too fast to not stop them. Why doesn't he want to talk about my family…?

'It's beautiful… that you have turned up as good as you did-he said. Have you been 'good' I can tell?' he asks, his exasperation with what he is digging for to be forgotten. It is not nice to ask about a girl past these days… I thought

not even lovers… ‘Paris?’ I squeak never been- there.

‘You well…’ ‘Of course,’ I concede, saying let us do it now-yet is that too much to ask? He looks at me with eyes glittering in the low light of the moon full shining in the windows. ’But it’s England that I’d like to visit.’ ‘Because, I was feeling gloomy, thinking about all that just sucks…’ He tilts his head to one side, running his index finger across his lower lip… saying sure. I blinked, and then I blinked, then I blinked ounces more hastily, so I blinked, like 3 times wildly in a chain-like of events.

I was snooping through your things in your mind. I see that you have written such a wonderful book that you don't think is good- yet I do.' All this talk of literary greats reminds me that I should be studying for him to make him bigger than he is. I glance at my watch… saying commands for it does, in timely fashions. 'I'd better go… now- and get back- (I was at his home; it is huge and has 16 bedrooms or more and 4 baths.) I must study, I said, thank you for saying, that but you must not mean that. I love that, you love me like this.' 'For your exams?' 'Yes…' 'Okay, then you may go.' He said… - My mind is reeling with desire. The next day- the first question.

‘Do you always wear dresses?’ He asks unexpected Mostly,’ I spoke… in his ear softly. He nods, shaking his head up and down. The look he gives me and the warm fuzzy feeling going in and through me- I am completely blown away by it, I know- it is LOVE.

If you were unnoticed the sensation, you would never- ever know what might have taken place, and in many ways that were worse than finding out in the first place. Because if you were off the beam, you could go onward in your lifespan without ever- ever be holding back over your shoulder and conjecturing what might have been- in the questions of

what- if. And I am aware that our time together is limited, even if where ‘are always together, ‘Do you have girlfriends other than her?’ he blurts out.

Holy crap, why must he ask this- ‘I don’t.’ - I just said that aloud also. I do not have the time for other girls only her… his lips quirk up in a semi-smile, showing, and he looks down at me with envy. Oh… what does that mean? He blocked me from reading his mind… to toy with me. I must try to reassemble my thoughts, yet this is his game. I must get away from him, for I do something to lose him…I walk forward, and I trip, stumbling headlong into the shitter- flush.

‘Shit, Merry!’ - He cries. ‘Yes, yes it was a mouth full of it.’

21

Kiss me damn it! I inhale deeply, that is the feeling of love… you know. I implore him, but I cannot move. ‘Are you okay?’ He whispers.

When she moves upwards when I insert into her. Feeling ever hitting thrust she moves with me. I am in your arms. Kiss me, please. He gazes at my hood, like the movies it about, I am paralyzed with a strange feeling of fast hart breathing that just takes over me, unfamiliar need to understand I let myself rush free, as he

does with me, completely captivated by him, I feel it okay to spray him down.

He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, and gives me a small shake of his head as if in answer to my silent question, that was running in his mind- and that was do you love me? YES! _ YES! _ FREAKING! _ YES! He is staring into my eyes when he opens his eyes again, it is with some new purpose, He tugs the hand that he is holding so hard that, I fall back against him, it all happens so-o fast, yet over and over - one minute I am falling, of the bed the next I bouncing, on my head, up-down and skidways' too, the next I am

in his arms, and he is holding me tightly against his chest.

I am staring at RICHARD C. MAST'S exquisitely sculptured mouth, mesmerized, and he is looking down at me, his eyes darkening. He is breathing harder than usual, and I have stopped breathing altogether. His thumb and I feel it in me, as he brushes my lower lip, and I hear his breath a glitch.

I inhale his dipping love, vital scent taking, like the slut he wants me to be- yet I am happy to be just that. He smells of- freshly laundered sheets and some luxurious body-wash, come over me I did not even see that he has carried me

into his shower room, I may have blacked out- from all hardcore love.

I want to be kissed, right here I said- and he did. (I pointed you know where,) my kindness is drawn to his beautiful body- looking over the entirety. He has one arm around me, clasping me tight to him, while the fingers of his other hand softly trace my face, and around the place that every young girl was to have touched by a man like him, gently probing exploratory me. I hold his- nervous, burning gaze for a moment or it is persistently… but eventually, and for the first time in twenty-one years, I want to feel his mouth on me. I'm not the man for

you he said to Katie in his mind who was see it all,' he whispers.

What- is she doing looking in on us like this? Where is this coming from, you wanted me the other night? She said… in a fast way to him, Surely, I should be the judge of that, she thought, I frown think why I cannot have my moment with him, and my head swims with rejection- and that was felt all around- with us all.

I have 'royally screwed' I see him say to her… about all this… He has his hands on my shoulders, holding me at arm's length, watching my responses sensibly. And the only thing I can think of

is that I wanted to be kissed, made it damned obvious, and he did not do it. He does not want me. He does not want me.

I’m going to stand you up and let you go; we were my butt cheeks pressed agent the glass window was doing like bunnies, as all the people looking in at us, in a hugging freaking stance,’ he says quietly letting me down and off him, and he gently pushes me away, as it like he is slapping the shit out of himself.

(My mom thought it was something about a broken typewriter that was his grandpa’s.) Yah- no! My soul screams as he pulls away, leaving me grieving, for him to feel me up to feel the

hole. It like he spiked through my body, as I stand there, feeling him coming out of me.

I said to her- her being Katie… you make me feel safe.

'I've got this,' I breathed, looking at my voice. 'Thank you for killing it for us through- why,'

I mutter awash with humiliation, as the kids outside the glass point at me and uncover my body- yet that's how things are these days. How could I have misread the situation between us so utterly? I need to get away from her. I am glad to hear you say just that, he

whispered. He frowns at me in an anomalous way. He has not taken his hands off me, or his eyes.

‘For keeping me,’ I whisper- thank you- your everything I needed.

He does not want me- though Katie- why?

Then a million-thought rushed through my mind as to why not… I bet you could find them all no- can you?

22

‘Thanks for doing the photoshoot and giving me all these nude photos of you to keep- I love them- you could justify

it in a magazine with these, I will see that you do.

I shudder to think, my puss hole is going to be wide open on the cover, what could have happened to me, if daddy would see that- or mom. I am standing in front of him feeling like a fool. Um- wow- it just looks like a black hole yet boys love to look up it- (ah girl thoughts.) Yet for the money and him what?

Do you want to come and sit down in the room for a moment and see me edit these to enhances what you have going for you, looking them all over to pick with one well go on the cover- of a

‘Girlfriend Monthly’ - he bought them out back in 2019.’

He releases me, his hands, off my boobs, and the playing and they go down to his sides, his hand was on me pulling shoulder strap down, and well I shake know what comes next- it is more sex, you got it, I clear my mind some. All my vague, unarticulated hopes have been dashed, looking at myself this way- yet for him anything. Outside the room, I turn briefly to face him, but cannot look him in the eye. With all the kids looking at me see me as the girl on the cover… it was that, fast there, I am on the big screens in the NY all nudes. Being naked this day is

something we feel fee for doing… with cameras everywhere why not show it all- and we do not care- if a 5-year-old sees it- they will understand soon enough…

What was I thinking too much? I admonish myself. My subconscious mocks me, I look around to see all of me- all over the place- I am the IT girl of the day. I never wanted that… I wrap my arms around myself- for Katie was happy for me and want to show love, and turn to face the road… to move on with my day, I quickly make my way across, conscious that - is behind me, I murmur, it is only for a month… I was inquiry my dumb thoughts.

She stops, and the anguish in his voice demands my attention, as she is running to me, with open arm, she there my true love has found me… she is always there for me even if I want to die a slow and painful death, overall, this shit, so I peer unwillingly up at me- and she said I love it- it- is, so you- she said. Her gray eyes are bleak, fast like only she can make them do- as she runs his hand through his hair.

Huh? Therefore, he looks so desolate; this is what he gets out of you? One girl said to me, at school the next day- holding up a hard copy of me- to all to see, yet I know they all have; I did not

even blink- at her- as I was chowing on my pin- like a girl in 5th grade.

Once underneath the dark, cold concrete of the room with its bleak fluorescent light humming, I lean against the wall, before class and put my head in my hands, as I have now sat down for the teachings.

This is the big send-off, of the bell ringing out. Just to wish me luck on more tests, that have nothing to do with what I want to do in life.

-And-

Their Brad jerking off under the desk to my photo! Do not giggle, it is

true! It seems like, um- that's okay for a-boys, yet not a girl these days… also, the girl next to me just got in trouble for it- yet boys can do anything for they' are known for it.

'Thanks: said the man teaching the class for the embraceable photography of a classmate- there Dee.' 'Um- well thank- thank you.' she said. I cannot disguise the sarcasm in my voice. Saying: 'She is a good kid stop it!'

He meant it!

23

Unforbidden and annoying tears pool in my eyes. Thinking of all that has

happened these past days, what has not- and what going to… What was not I thinking about it all?

I turned on my heel, on the left foot, for I was nervous, vaguely amazed, that I did not trip- I have a habit of falling on my face, yet that is just me.

I see him in my mind, without giving him a second glance, I disappear down the hall toward the bathroom, run yet I cannot get away when he is in my head always. Why am I crying over this?

Drawing up my knees I see in a stall, I fold in on myself.

Grief is something that never was something I could take, like with my dashed hopes, dreams, and soured outlooks. Placing my head on my knees, I let the irrational tears fall unrestrained. How ridiculous am I for doing such? I sink to the side of the shitter and meltdown, angry at myself for this senseless feedback- of feeling all types of love.

This ridiculous pain will be smaller the smaller I am if I do this… I have never been on the receiving end of rejection for my own doing, I want this- yet I do not- I do not know what I want- really- I do not. I want to make myself as small as possible. To just fade away from

life. I am crying over the loss of something I never had, and that is my pride.

Okay… so I was always one of the last to be picked for basketball or volleyball - but I understood that - running and doing something else at the same time as bouncing or throwing a ball is not my thing. I am a solemn liability in any sporting field.

I am too pale, feeling and showing, like- passionately thinking in thoughts, though, I have never put myself out there, ever.

Her welcoming smile fades when she sees me. Analytically, I thought to stop! As he said to stop me with crossness in the voice of thought. I am sure neither of them has been found sobbing alone in dark places. I see Katie standing there to hold me. She drags me home with her arm around her one shoulder. I just need a good cry. A lifetime of insecurity I have had and, too skinny, too shabby, clumsy, my extensive list of faults goes on.

My subliminal is emblematically screaming at me, arms folded, leaning on one leg, then pitter-pattering her foot in frustration-

(Five hours have passed…)

Katie is sitting at the dining table on her laptop when I arrive.

She asked: ‘Marry what’s wrong?’

‘You’ve been crying,’ she has an excellent gift for me being there all the time like she is now, just stating there. ’What did that bastard do to you?’ She howls, and her face, jeez, she is scary.

That is the problem, I should just be happy, and I am not sure if I know how to do that… why can’t I?

‘Nothing Katie is wrong with me other than what is wrong with me.’ The thought brings an ironic smile to my face. ‘Then I ask- why have you been crying?

‘Like- You never cry,’ she says, her voice relaxing some as she continued taking. She puts her arms around me and hugs me for a side.

I have to say something; just to get her to back chest. She stands, her gray eyes brimming with concern, yet she feels that way about me all the time. ‘Nope, RICHARD C. MAST saved me,’ I whisper for being just like all of them that do not care. ‘Nonetheless, I was quite shaken by it, anyway.’ It was fine, nothing to worry about really.

‘Okay, he’s got more money than you, but then he has more money than most people in America! And you are not

happy with that? He has everything-’ ‘What do you mean…? What are you trying to say?’ ‘Oh Katie, it’s obvious isn’t.’ I whirled around, to face her as she stood in the kitchen doorway, looking at me that way. ‘Merry! For heaven’s sake, how many times must I tell you? You’re a total baby,’ she intersects me as I blabber. He likes you more than me… ‘oh don’t be silly.’

That is what this is all about.

‘Katie she just shrugs.

I need to study.’ I cut her short. She frowns and says that she cannot wait.

And she is holding me in her arms like a lover.

‘Katie, please, don’t get mad at me for this- ‘*Never*.’